THE FUNNY MAG

PUBLISHED ON THE 5th & 20th OF EVERY MONTH

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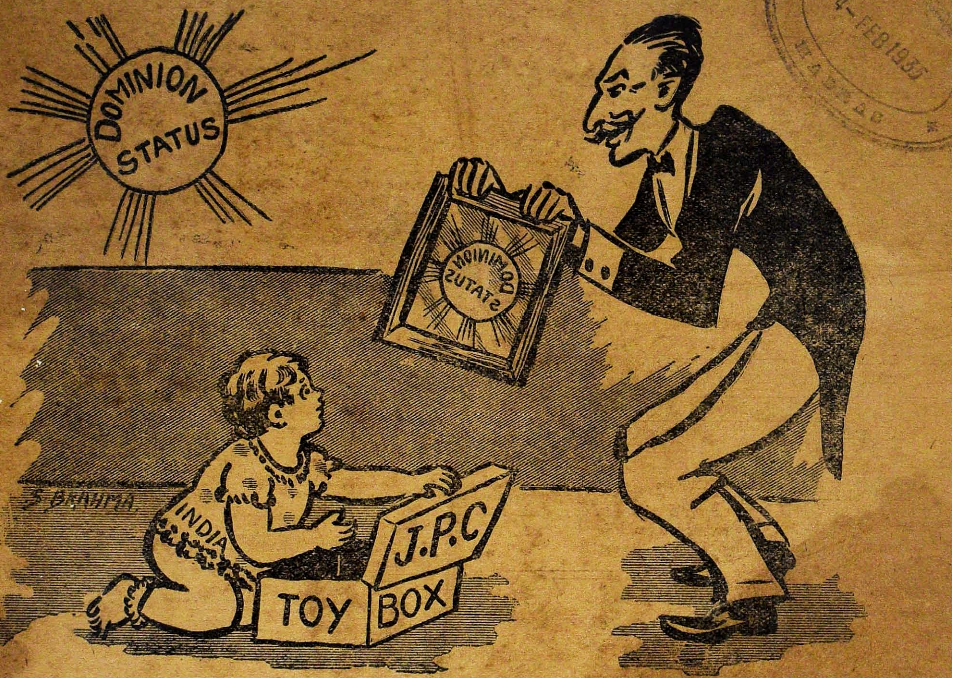
" Where is Dominion Status in this Toy Box ? " asks Baby Ind.
H.E. Lord Willingdon points to the Shadow of it
Poor Baby expected the substance of it from such loving hands

OFFICE ... 4-FEB 1935 MADRAS



Baby India : " Daddy, Nowhere in this box do I find Dominion status ! Surely, you all promised that I might expect it."

Daddy Willingdon : " Not so, Darling Ind. Here is a true shadow of that Toy. Not quite so good to talk of that at present. It is far away yet, in far off lands. Here is the shadow of what you heard. But now look at the lovely toys you have got there and play with them."

196745

FUNZIN'S FORTNIGHTLY COCKTAIL

We hear that an unemployed man has written a novel about unemployed men in America.

We understand that it has no new situations.

⁂

'Modern girls are said to he absolutely matchless.'

Still, that doesn't prevent them from having a smoke.

⁂

'A well known politician boasts that he is familiar with all the most important political questions.'

Yes, but does he know the answers?

⁂

'Modern novelists have lost their nerve'

Have they? You ought to see the stuff they have the nerve to publish.

⁂

'The first time I sang on the stage, hundreds of people waited at the door to see me after the performance,' an artist.

But you saved your life by sneaking out by the private entrance, eh?

⁂

'A French philosopher says that man first became conscious of sin 5000 years ago.'

The cycle is just about completed——he is practically unconscious of it again.

⁂

'I have known what sheer helplessness means.'

Such as losing your spectacles and not being able to look for them till you've found them.

⁂

"Race-horses feel the cold," says a trainer.

In spite of the shirts that people put on them.

⁂

'We read that egg production all over the world has decreased:'

Perhaps the hens have become discouraged at not being able to find things where they put them.

⁂

"Footballers have good digestion," says a doctor.

A team could hope for but little success without an *inside right*!

⁂

A correspondent in a daily says he has never received a telegram in his life and doesn't want to.

A *wire-less* enthusiast, evidently.

⁂

A scientist says that the bee is the most business-like insect.

After stinging anybody it buzzes off.

⁂

A film actress has remarried her first husband in Hollywood.

Pure absence of mind, we suppose.

⁂

"Why shouldn't we love insects as well as animals?" asks a writer.

We've often seen a man patting a mosquito on the back!

⁂

Everybody reads detective stories now-a-days.

In fact, the country is full of *Sherlock Homes.*

⁂

'There are women income-tax collectors.'

Married women should be very suitable for this profession owing to their experience as *income collectors!*

⁂

A book with round pages has been published.

The idea apparently is to improve the *circulation* of the volume!

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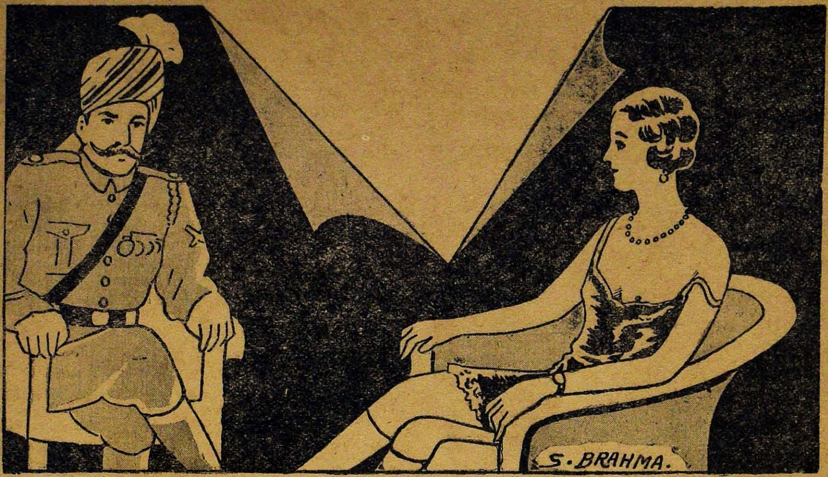
The Colonel's Wife.



SECOND Lieutenant Karim Khan had only recently received his commission, and because of his lack of experience the colonel commanding the 322nd Lancers decided to leave him with the Depot when the regiment was suddenly ordered on a punitive expedition across the border.

Karim Khan was the first Indian King's commissioned officer to join the 322nd Lancers, and although the British officers had received him as one of themselves, he was still feeling rather shy. Each of the married officers had invited him to dine and meet their wives and other ladies in the station, but so far Karim Khan was unable to feel quite at ease in the company of English ladies, though they had done their best to make him feel at home. It should be noted that Karim Khan was young and extremely attractive-looking, so the ladies' efforts to please him may not have been entirely disinterested.

The very day the Lancers left the little frontier station, on the punitive expedition, Karim Khan received a note, written on mauve paper which was delicately scented. It was a very friendly and informal invitation from the Colonel's wife to dine with her that evening, as she thought he would probably be lonely dining by himself in Mess; she also mentioned that she would be lonely as she too was dining alone.

Now the Colonel's wife was young and very beautiful. Karim Khan had on several occasions furtively admired the lady's physical charms, which were usually rather generously revealed in her evening frocks. The very thought of these made the blood conrse rapidly through his veins. The chance of gazing for a whole evening on these was one that should not be missed, and Karim Khan

had visions of smooth white flesh and luscious curves as he penned his grateful acceptance of the lady's invitation.

Punctually at eight o'clock he drove up in his car to the Colonel's bungalow and it was with mixed feelings that he entered the drawing-room. He was excited at the thought of dining alone with this charming and beautiful lady, who was also rather an important person since she was his own Colnel's wife. At the same time he was feeling terribly shy, partly because it happened to be his Colonel's wife and partly because to dine alone with a lady was a new experience for him.

He was not kept long in suspense for an inner door opened and his hostess entered the room. When he beheld her his feelings of excitement and shyness increased. He had become accustomed to seeing the English ladies in their revealing evening dresses, but never had he seen one quite so revealing as this. The lady appeared to be almost naked above the waist. A slender string of small pearls suspended round her neck held up the front of her frock. This chain was attached to two points which just covered the tips of the lady's breasts. From these points the dress tapered down to her waist, and later, when she turned round, Karim Khan saw that the dress was completely backless, the whole of her back being naked to the waist.

Karim Khan had seen frocks of this description on the films, but this was the first time he had seen a lady in one in the flesh. And he became very conscious about the flesh, there seemed so much of it, especially when she adjusted an ornament in her hair. She stood sideways to him as she did this, and under her raised arm he could see practically everything above her waist! Anything more beautiful than this sight it had never before been Karim Khan's fortune to behold. It filled him with an unspeakable longing which he hardly dared to admit to himself.

As the lady advanced to greet him she seemed like some screen star. The lower portion of her dress fitted closely over her hips and clung closely to her thighs, showing every outline of their luscious curves as she walked. It was quite evident that she could be wearing nothing under this close-fitting and flimsy dress.

Karim Khan gazed at her with admiring eyes, and it must be admitted that they were also lustful, for he was very young and very human, and also inexperienced. Indeed he was looking at a vision that was well calculated to upset even a hardened man of the world, so one should not be hard on young Karim Khan. Automatically he accepted her proferred hand, as she greeted him, and he was so entranced that he was hardly conscious of the little squeeze she gave his hand.

She invited him to advance to a small table on which a box of cigarettes and some glasses were standing. His admiring and eager gaze was not lost on his hostess who gave a satisfied smile and told him to help himself to a cocktail, then, waving him to a chair she seated herself on a sofa opposite him. As she reclined against the cushions she crossed one leg slowly over the other, and in doing so revealed a most perfect leg to well above the knee. Karim Khan was thrilled at the fleeting glimpse he obtained of a few inches of bare thigh above the top of her stocking. It was the first time he had glimpsed this intimate portion of a lady's anatomy off the stage or at such close quarters. He was beginning to feel quite uncomfortable.

Presently a servant announced dinner, and as his hostess preceded him into the dining-room Karim Khan's eyes feasted greedily on the expanse of bare back that was now turned towards him. Every movement of her full and rounded hips was visible through her clinging and close-fitting gown as she walked. The young officer had never witnessed anything half so ravishing. His blood was on fire.

'FUNNY MAGZIN'

January Lucky Number Scheme

CASH PRIZE RS. 100

Rs. 25 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the two 1st Lucky numbers.

Rs. 10 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the three 2nd Lucky numbers.

Rs. 5 will be paid for each copy bearing one of the four 3rd Lucky numbers.

The list of Lucky numbers will be published in the issue of Funny Magzin dated 5—2—35.

During dinner the Colonel's wife maintained a sparkling conversation. She smiled continually, and what an alluring smile she had: Her beautiful lips parted to reveal the most perfect teeth. Now that the lower portion of her body was concealed beneath the table the impression of almost complete nudity became stronger. As ever and anon she leaned towards him Karim Khan obtained a generous view of her voluptuous breasts, a sight which in itself was intoxicating.

In the course of conversation the lady asked her young guest how he liked his new life How did he like the English ladies? She was sure that with his good looks he must be very popular. Had he made many conquests? Did he like the clothes that English ladies wore? and did he like the frock she was wearing; she had worn it that night specially because she thought it would please him.

Karim Khan, with the inherent politeness and gallantry of the Oriental, assured her that he found the English ladies charming, but that so far he only knew them very slightly, he thought their clothes were extremely fascinating, and the frock she was wearing; was really beautiful and worthy of a queen of beauty, such as she was herself, he thanked her for wearing it on his account and said she could not have given him greater pleasure, and the glances he cast at her bosom as he spoke were a proof that he spoke nothing but the truth.

"I am afraid, Mr, Karim Khan, that you flatter me," said the lady "but it is nice to be told such charming things about oneself."

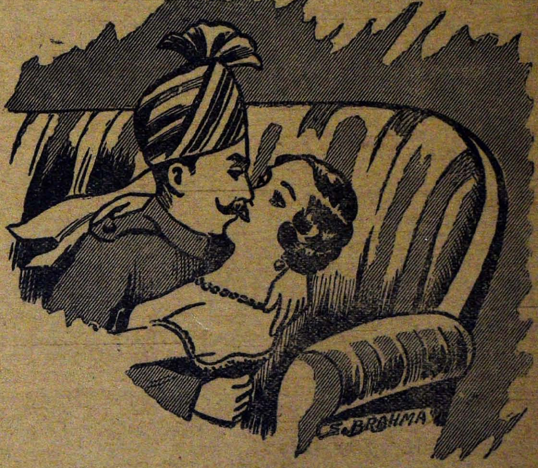
"No, Mrs. Mason, it would be impossible for me to flatter you, no words could adequately express my admiration for you nor do justice to the perfection of your beauty."

At the moment the servants had left the room, Karim Khan's hand was resting on the table. The lady, who was obviously pleased with his remarks smiled sweetly and, placing her hand on his, gave it a gentle squeeze as she replied, "You do say nice things but please do not call me 'Mrs Mason' when we are alone, it sounds so formal. My intimate friends call me 'Maze'; so if you would like to become one of my intimate friends I hope you will call me 'Maze' also."

"I should be highly honoured if you will have me for an intimate friend and it will give me great pleasure to call you by your pet name," said Karim Khan. "But may I ask what is the origin of this name?"

"Oh, you know a maze is an intriguing thing and people always want to explore it. I suppose the man who first called me 'Maze' felt like that about me."

When they were left alone the lady indicated a photograph album that was lying on a table and directed Karim Khan to hand it to her. As he did so she motioned him to sit on the sofa beside her, remarking that she wished to show him some photographs of the regiment. She rested the album on her lap, and in order for Karim Khan to look at the photos he was obliged to sit close to her. His thigh was against hers. In this delightful contact he could feel her magnetism. While pretending to look at these photos his gaze would constantly rest on the seductive valley between her breasts, now nearer than ever to him. Every now and then the lady would look up at him as she addressed some smiling remark. At length she said teasingly: "You naughty boy, I don't believe you are looking at the photos at all!"



In a second their lips had met.

Karim Khan blushed and murmured that he was admiring her frock. "Are you sure it was my frock you were admiring?" asked the lady. "I was thinking how beautiful you are" replied Karim Khan evasively. "Well, you must look at the photos

"I can quite understand his feeling" replied Karim Khan, "and I think 'Maze' is a most appropriate name."

They had now finished dinner and returned to the drawing-room. Mrs. Mason settled herself comfortably on the sofa, and Karim Khan occupied his former seat opposite her. If the view he had obtained of her lower limbs before dinner had been thrilling, it was nothing to the view that now met his eager gaze as his beautiful hostess reclined against the cushions and carelessly rested her right ankle on her left knee.

Presently the bearer entered and was told that the servants would not be required any more that night.

you know" said Mrs Mason with a wicked look.

Karim Khan leant forword in order to look at the album and, as he did so his face touched the bare flesh of the lady's lovely shoulder. It sent a thrill right through him. Mrs Mason turned a smiling face towards him. Their heads were very close together, instinctively he moved his head towards hers and at the same time she moved hers to meet his. In a second their lips had met. Karim Khan felt a bare white arm round his neck and his own arm encompassed the lady's waist. He soon became conscious of the fact that his hand was resting on the nacked flesh of her side. How soft and yielding and thoroughly feminine it felt! His excitement was now intense. As he met with no opposition he allowed his hand to wander freely.

The album had fallen unheeded on the floor so that Karim Kahn's other hand was able to embrace the lower portions of the Maze. An advantage he was not slow to make good use of, nor did he experience any opposition to this further enterprise.

As they paused between passionate kisses the Colonel's wife said softly: "Karim, dear, you have made me want you terribly badly."

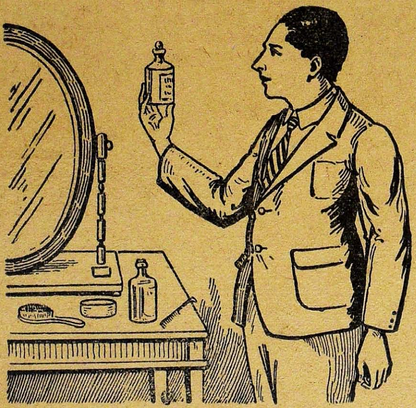
To which the boy replied, "You cannot want me as much as I want you. Maze, darling."

* *

Dawn was breaking as Karim Khan drove away from the Colonel's bungalow. He buttoned up his overcoat in order that no early riser might observe that he was wearing his evening clothes at that hour. He felt he had acquired a world of experience since he had arrived at the bungalow on the previous evening. All barriers of rank, position, colour and creed that existed between him and his Colonel's wife had been swept aside. They had been merely a young man and a young woman bound together and made equal by the overpowering attraction of sex.

The company of Karim Khan was much in demand by the lonely ladies whose husbands were away. He never had to dine alone in Mess, for he was invited to dine out every night, nor did he once sleep alone in his bungalow. Although he found many of his hostesses attractive and charming it was always with a special thrill that he went to dine with the Colonel's wife.

You are as old as you look!
WHY LOOK OLDER ?



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Bhai Funzin's

Dairy for Jan. 1935.

1st Tues: Herr. Hitler sees no objection to the day following 31st Dec. being marked as 1st Jan; hence Germany celebrates this as the New Year's Day.

2nd Wed: Sjt. Satyamurti broadcasts a speech on "Modesty—The key-stone of My Life."

3rd Thur: A Professor of Annamalai University is severely warned for sending a copy of "Consolations of Philosophy" to Kumararaja Muthiah of Chettinad who was recently removed from the Chief Whipship of the "Justice" Council Party.

4th Fri: Rumours are afloat that Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan is petitioning the Viceroy to see whether his defence statement has been understood, and whether imprisonment this time was given for the pleasure of the Government.

5th Sat: H. E. Lady Marjorie Erskine wins a handsome sum at the races which she hands over to the Dumb and Deaf School as the inmates could not ask for or hear of the help given to them.

6th Sun: Mr. Winston Churchill invites Conservatives of blue blood traditions for forming a Party to be called D. O. R. P.—Defence of the Realm Party—to combat the danger to the Empire involved in J. P. C. Report.

7th Mon: Rt. Hon. V. S. Sastry when asked his views about the phenominal Congress victories, says, "The Congress has won because it has succeeded."

8th Tues: The "Hindu," the most sweetly reasonable daily of South India, comes out with a leader of 3000 words explaining and extolling the political acumen, the length of vision and the breadth of view as indicated in the above message of the Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Sastry—with his full size photo.

9th Wed: H. E. Lord Willingdon has not made up his mind as to how to receive the Congress gang of M. L. A's: to pat them with smiles or damn them with stern praise.

10th Thur: Sir Md. Oosman Bahadur, an ex-acting Governor of Madras, is reported to have felt sudden spasms at heart to think of his support of the Police methods as Home member: his uncle, the well-known Hakim, is administering restoratives and cordials.

11th Fri: The Madras Justice Party in assessing the value of the Party Service by each prominent member, has begun with the Hon. Dewan Bahadur Kumarasami Reddy, Education minister.

12th Sat: Barring a few futile replies, and the amendment to the Elementary Education Act, nothing noteworthy has yet been discovered to the credit of Hon. Reddy, Education Minister, except that he has drawn his salary steadily, though certainly heavy.

13th Sun: Sir A. P. Patro, a quondam Minister of Madras, delivers a thundering oration on the services of Chief Minister, Raja of Bobbili, and unveils his photo. Sjt. C. Rajagopala Chari, the South Indian replica of Mahatmaji, delivers a long oration on the unparalleled services of Sjt. Satyamurti and unveils his photo as a counter move to Sir A. P. Patro.

14th Mon: Raja of Bobbili and Sjt. Satyamurti, out of mere gratitude, deliver orations and unveil blank Photo frames in honour of Sir Patro and Sjt. Rajagopalachari as an emergent step, to be later on filled up.

15th Tues: The Madras Mail declares as closed the raging controversy about the number of Black Flags waved in the reception given to Sjt. Satyamurti on the West Coast.

16th Wed: Sjt. Satyamurti issues a manifesto printed throughout in bold type on the front page of "The Hindu" that Black Flag or Black Maria, Tom-toms or bombs, jail or hail, M. L. A. or Satyamurti-ki-jai, he will dedicate his life, labour, lung, tongue and law, all in the cause of his Motherland in the same modest and silent maner that he has hitherto done.

17th Thur: Dr. P. Varadarajalu Naidu, Editor, Tamil Nadu, in, his own paper, writes a long leader explaining the stunted psychology of the masses which refused to return him to the Assembly so foolishly, that he had to lose his deposit money; he says that his failure only proves the need for mass education when a candidate like himself was defeated, though he gave such complete accounts of himself in his Daily, in Booklets and even in speeches in Tamil.

18th Fri: Comrade E. V. Ramasami Naicker issues a declaration that he will end "poverty" immediatelly if only all wealth in India is immediately handed over to him for being divided among all—this does not include Burmah and Celyon or his own property in Salem.

19th Sat: Justice Sir Vepa Ramesam, who opened the Musical Conference, admitted that he fled as soon as he opened the Musical Conference as he had absolutely no ear for music, and wonders why in the world he was called upon to open the Music Conference.

20th Sun: Conference of Congress M. L. A's declares for accepting office, not because they care for it but:

1. To show that Congressmen can do constructive work in office as well as others.

2. To keep out undersirable people who care for power and pay and would thus corrupt public life.

21st Mon: Pandit Hridayanath Kunzru, President, National Liberal Federation, issues a perfervid appeal to the Indian Liberals to show that they are alive as a party and do not merely exist in a bound volume of Annual Report. He concludes," Let us hurry or bury our Party."

22nd Tues: Mr. G. A. Natesan' the ancient understudy of Hon'ble Sastry, publishes an article in his Review giving a catalogue of the services of the Indian National Liberals to the cause of Peace of World and India.

23rd Wed: Sir John Simon, though dealing with Foreign office, keeps his interest in Indian affairs by giving confidential tips to Sir Samuel Hoare, which the latter has refused to place before the House of Commons.

24th Thur: Mr. Paul Robeson, the famous Negro Actor and singer, calls upon his dark Brethren to go back to Africa and build up a proud Negro race—he combats the "inferiority complex" of the Negro foisted by the White man upon the world.

25th Fri: H. E. Lord Brabourne issues a statement contradicting the idea that his recent visit to the villages of Sanad and Sarkhey etc was in any manner to rival the work of Mahatma Gandhi.

26th Sat: Rao Bahadur R. Krishna Rao Bhonsle writes to the Bengal Govt. that the only way to kill Terrorism in Bengal is to make every young man a Scout—a true Scout and a sincere Scout—an idea greedily accepted in other parts of the country as well.

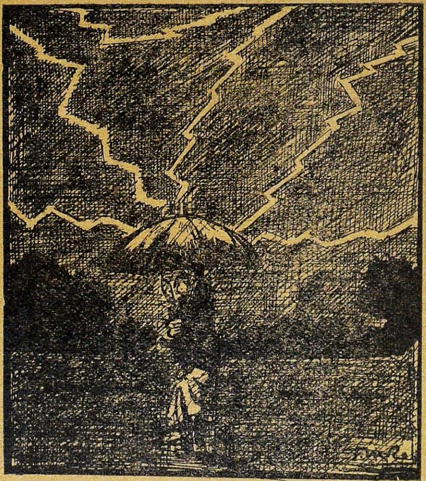
27th Sun: Serious difference arises between the poets G. B. Shaw and Sir Rabindranath Tagore on the length of beard—one stands for trimming; the other for leaving it to Nature. Beard growers do not know what to do.

28th Mon: Sir R. K. Shunmugam Chetty broadcasts a speech to Past and Present students of South Indian Universities on "Self-Help," though he has nothing to do with Smiles in his present depressed state of mind.

29th Tues: An enthusiastic meeting of the supporters, admirers, followers and friends hold a meeting in Kumararaja's Bungalow in which a Resolution of the most hearty Vote of "Implicit" Confidence in Kumararaja Muthiah Chettiar is passed, in addition to the Memorial of support published in the Madras Papers recently extolling his services to the City, Corporation and India.

30th Wed: RaoSahib N.C.Rangasami Iyengar, Secretary, S. P. C. A., Madras, declares that he has not, as some think, become a convert to Christianity though he is called a Missionary Preacher—he is only a fisher of Animals and so is called "The Animal Missionary."

31st Thurs: Herr Hitler broadcasts a challenge that Germany is prepared to fight with any nation disputing her claims to have rendered World-peace surer than ever it was.



"Why on Earth, did I become Personal-Magnetist?"

The Wife Wins.

BY RUBIKON

THE end of the month, the end of the year and 'Xmas and New year and Sankranthi—if all these do not form a formidable conspiracy against your purse and give it the look of the balloon after the gas has all escaped, well, all I can say is, you are a chap under some peculiar blessing of the angels.

As for me, those benign angels kept severely aloof from me and I was left to the unavailing brooding over the impossibility of meeting the demands of the fun of the Annual Shows and Fairs and Feasts with a depleted purse and a sans-balance bank account.

I am not sure I did not look at my best with such thoughts worrying me: certainly I was far from being fit for a group photo with His Excellency or even with Sjt. Satyamurti. I was moping with paper and pencil and thinking of all the items that the new year hurls at the heads of honest imbeciles who have got into the habit of paying their subscription fees and bills as punctually as the professional borrower pays—his calls.

Just then the wife pushed open the door and came in beaming with a smile which not even the full span from ear to ear could suffice to give vent to.

"Why Sreemathi, what is the matter?" I asked.

"The matter! You are always like that: wanting to know the matter—never mind—get up, dear, they are all waiting for you there. And you sitting here—is it not enough that you work for your college all through the year? Even in the holidays—no, no, get up—books and paper and pencil and writing away all night—last month too—look at the electric bills—you complain of expenses, dear—but your study light is on all the night———"

"I am not doing college work, Sreemathi; it is only a bit of account for

this last month and the coming month. Really I do not know……"

"It is all right, dear, don't brother yourself about accounts—the more you go on working, the more puzzled you get—but I am sure we shall find it all right—that is why I have arranged for our children to meet the Santhas; they have come; the Nayaks too have come with Nayak's brother and his wife—come out, dear, they are all waiting for you in the hall—don't you hear Tilaka singing?" the wife would not be put off—in fact she never was.

"But, do you know, Sreemathi, how things are with us?" I asked that I might perchance open her eyes to the real state of things.

"Why talk like that? You mean that you have not money enough for the month, is it?"

"Well, it is even worse. So many things to pay at the beginning of the year. I do not know how I shall manage to get over all this, Sreemathi. But you are so happy—either you don't know or don't care for my worries," I said.

"No need to worry, dear. But if it delights you to worry yourself, I shall not spoil your sport," was the wife's answer with as much sweetness as she was used to.

"No need to worry!" I exclaimed.

"Certainly, dear."

Absent Minded Customer :—"Now what did I want to purchase!"

Super Salesman :—(To assistant) "Give this gentleman, One bottle hair-oil, a comb, a mirror, and a shaving set."

"What about the bills and dues?"

"Everything will be all right," said Sreemathi with an air of supreme confidence.

"What do you mean? Are you mad?"

"Not I, dear. I know you are needlessly knocking your head against troubles and ghosts" said the wife.

"But who will pay?"

"Under a fortnight all our dues will be paid. Is that enough for you, dear?" asked Sreemathi.

"That is soothing, but how?"

Sreemathi stared at me for a second: she smiled: "Look, dear, that old man I was talking to"

"Ah, that beggar—that fraud."

"Well, well, you professors and scientists may laugh at holy people. But that old man is a Sadhu," began the wife.

"Oh, he gave you good luck," I laughed.

"Not so quick as that, be patient; just listen, dear. He come this morning and I gave him a plate of *pongal* and some *halwa*—he likes our almond *halwa*—he says it is the best he has tasted in his life—then he asks me to show my palm—he scans it—he smiles—he kisses the palm—says, "that celestial palm to-day gives sweet cakes and *halwa*, but not even eleven days, nay, eleven hours, it will be full of gold and silver." Just like you I smiled—the old man begs me not to smile but to think of him—I offer him a few annas—why not? No, no, he will not take a pie—out he goes blessing me. Now, is that fraud, dear? Not even eleven hours, so he said, my hands are to be full of gold and silver. Now, will that not clear away all your cares and bills? Why fret?" That was the secret of Sreemathi's radiance and jubilation. Hers was not the nature to doubt—good soul—and as such people have peace and calm filling their heart, no wonder Sreemathi looked upon my anxiety with the contempt that it so well deserved.

Cheater! Pity, thy name is You have systematically held yourself aloof from that innocent soul and cheated her.

"Woman, woman, can you be so simple as all that! Really, Sreemathi, whom am I to pity the more: you or me? Tell me, good girl," I asked.

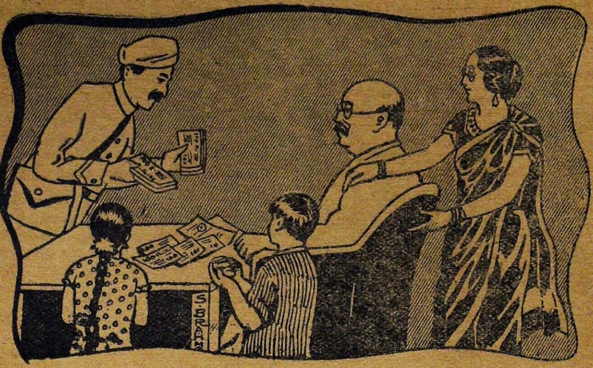
"You need not pity me or anybody. Just come out and they are all there. Time enough to think of other things afterwards," and dragged by the wife, I came out of my Diogenes tub to the bright sunlit world.

Games, jokes, singing, cakes, fruits, puzzles and posers—a merry world—holidaying the only thought—such happiness all over—I was perhaps the only one—the Ancient mariner like—in the midst of joy without a ray of smile to light or lighten my heart.

But I struggled and put away all that disturbing reel of accounts and looked happy—when the knock came at the door.

"Come in." I said.

In came that well known herald from the noisy world, with a bow, "Sir, this is holiday season; you have got to make us happy, especially when you are happy, Sir." With that the postman pulled out a T M. O. form and counted out Rs. 600 and begged me to sign, along with a receipt for a Registered Letter, which when opened contained a cross-cheque for Rs. 5000 with a letter of apology from that old bounder Nandan whose debt I had mentally written off.



... Counted out Rs. 600.

Not only that.

Bambai, my girl, has to sign a M. O. form for Rs. 500 being the first prize she had managed to score from "Prachanda Vikatan." Seshan and Gopi each sign coupons for smaller prizes from Children's Page.

The wife rushed in:

It was her turn to laugh at me.

"Under eleven hours," that is what the Sadhu said. I recalled the words —clear and distinct.

"What do you say, dear? Do you think that we can clear your long list or are you still going to delight in needless fears?"

I couldn't reply.

"Dear, if you do not know anything about such sacred things, it is better you don't laugh at them because they are not found in your books and test tubes," dictated Sreemathi.

Right or wrong, I had to keep mum: hers was the hand full of gold and silver!

"Astrological & Astronomical Books."

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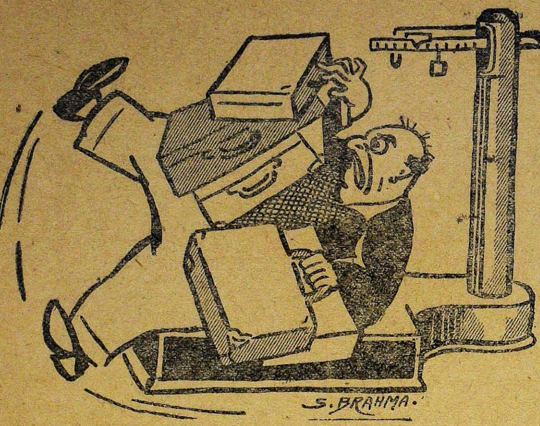
TIT and TAT

— *BY 'KAIREN.'* —



THE jutka drew up at the station and a group of ravenous porters pounced upon the fare. "Coolie, sir," they chorused invitingly.

The fare got out. He was dressed richly, though not decorously, for the richness shrieked. The porters started a scuffle among themselves as their visions of a good 'tip' increased on sight of the fare's 'get-up.'

But the fare heartlessly damped them with a steely glare, and snapped, most unsportsman-like, "Get out! I don't want any coolies, I can carry these baubles myself!"

The porters felt properly quelled, but one importunate soul amongst them was more venturesome.

"You not pay luggage if porter you take sir," he pointed out, and amended, hastily, "if *me* you take."

"Luggage!' sniffed the gent in loud togs. "Catch Vasu paying for luggage! The Company ought to feel adequately grateful for his purchasing a ticket as it is. No," he cried, aiming a fist, as the porter with the extra-dash of optimism made to lift one of the trunks, "no, blast you, I don't want any porters."

"'Ere, sir," put in the truculent voice of the jutka-wallah, "pay me off. The 'orse is a delikit creature and the sooner you're out of 'er sight the better for 'er!"

The fare appeared to choke and put up a temporarily two-colour face, but as the jutka-man was bigger by four inches either way, the gent thought of the better part of valour and paid up.

Of course, the jut-man wanted more but he found the attempt to extract more money from his fare was as signal a failure as trying to get more speed from his horse. And the words he used when he discovered this, was enough to start off the animal properly.

The gent bent to one of his trunks and a sportive pie tumbled out of his pocket and merrily rolled itself along the road. With grit teeth and a black brow the gent gave it grim chase and caught it up with a resounding whack. He pocketed it triumphantly and returned to his luggage.

He saw the porters slinking away with stooped shoulders. They had been sadly disillusioned.

Mr. Fop bent his back to his baggage as it were, and succeeded in eventually removing, one by one, all his luggage to the station's platform entrance. His efforts at this task, incidentally, served to give a street urchin amusement for five minutes of his life. Also the said urchin heard quite a few 'high-brow' words thrown in to lubricate the labour.

It was a junction and the station was full of men and women and banana peels. Mr Fop didn't pay attention to any of them, and walked up to the luggage clerk—rather, was catapulted on to that worthy by certain laws of balance, involving banana peels and crepe-soled shoes. Ein-

stein may probably explain how.

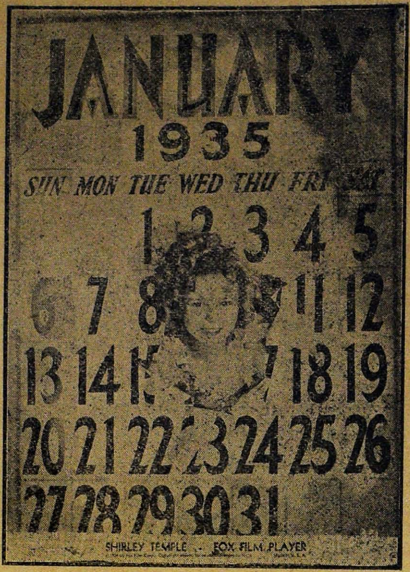
This unexpected movement on his own part spoiled the gent's plans entirely. For he had contemplated inducing the pass-clerk to co-operate with him in the matter of the luggage. But now all the co-operation that that functionary seemed willing to give, was that of his fists on the tenderest parts of Mr. Fop's anatomy. So Mr. Fop moved off deep in mental (and physical) pain, anger and thought.

Abruptly, Mr. Fop stiffened in his stride and a gleam came into his eye. No, dear reader, it was not the convulsive birth of an inspired idea, but just—another banana peel.

As I would like my wit to have a soul, I shall be brief. Mr Fop finally feathered a design to escape paying for the luggage. He promptly proceeded to carry it out—I mean the design, not the luggage.

He purchased a ticket and went on to the platform. The train was in harness and would take another fifteen minutes to start. Mr. Fop peered anxiously into each compartment. He was seeking for the right man to assist him.

Finally he located the ideal man. That is to say, the ideal man's face. For the man behind it,—or, rather, beneath it,—was hidden from view, as only the face was out of the window, the eyes sweeping the platform The face drew Mr. Fop like a magnet the lode stone. It appeared to wear an eternal smile, the eyes seemed kindly



and obliging. Altogether an affable gent, thought Mr. Fop.

So Fop edged up and calling up his best smile to aid, asked the stranger: "Are you going very far by this train?"

"Right up to the very end," grinned the kindly face.

"Then can you do me a small favour?" Fob asked in his most oily manner.

"What may it be?" asked the Good Samaritan-looking face

Fop explained his difficulty; he was short of cash, and he couldn't afford to pay for his luggage; if the kind man would please help, he could get it on to the train free of cost.

"How?" asked the face at the window.

"Easy," smirked Fop. "I'll buy a platform ticket for you. With its help you can come out with me. Then I'll buy you a ticket for the next station from this place. Then you can take along two trunks and I two. That'll help us escape at this station and as for *en route* you have your own ticket so——"

The face broke into a very broad grin.

"Sorry," it said, "but I have no ticket!"

Fop fell back, amazed.

"No ticket? But you said you were travelling right on to the end of the line!"

"Yes," said the man to whom the face belonged, getting down. And putting on his helmet, he added, "but you see, I'm one of the travelling ticket inspectors!"

—

BY

"WAYFARER."

SLEUTH WORK.

For nearly three hours Hector Brice, one of the detectives assigned to the Park-Murder case, had sat with his shoulders hunched forward and his brow furrowed in intense concentration. Grimly he had determined to solve the problem before him in spite of its complexity, and now, with a pipe clamped between his teeth, he was absorbed in considering new possibilities and discarding old ones.

"I have got to solve it, that's all." the detective thought resolutely. There must be a solution to this and I am going to find it if it takes the rest of my life. Nothing can stop me. Think, man, think!" he commanded himself.

Twenty minutes passed slowly by, ——another twenty——and still Hector Brice sat immersed in thought, grappling with the problem. But suddenly his grey eyes glinted like steel. The pipe fell from between Brice's teeth, and a smile crept over his countenance.

"I've got it," he barked, exultantly," I've got it! They can sneer at us detectives all they want, but at last I've solved the whole thing. For a long while it has eluded me, but now..........."

Triumphantly Hector Brice pencilled the word "emu" in the crossword puzzle before him, and then rose from his chair with a sigh of satisfaction.

Recently at Allahabad a college professor, who had handled M. A. English classes, was asked to conduct the infant class's English, just to see how he would do it. The college professor had to explain to the kiddies the simple nursery poem.

Three blind mice.
See how they run,
Tkey all ran after the former's wife
She cut off their tails will a carving knife.
Did you ever see such fun in your life
As three blind Mice?

After much thought the prof: explained it thus:—

Three extremely dimunitive creatures of that order of Mammals called rodents devoid of the utility of their eyes:

Percieve the manner in which they scamper!

All the three hasten after the spouse of the agriculturist.

Who amputated their terminal appendages with an immense apparatus in common use in all households for carving.

Did you ever visualise such a spectacle in the course of your conscious existence.

As three dimunitive creatures of the order of rodents?

Here's a letter written by a synopsis writer to his wife who was away at her mother's place.

Dear wife,

I, Sundaresan finding nothing profitable to do at home while you were away decided to accept an invitation proffered by

Mr. and Mrs. Ramakrishnan to play a game of cards last night. We had a very interesting game,

Kamalaveni a second consin of Mrs. Ramakrishnan was my partner. This morning,

Karunakaran rang up about a shooting trip, but I don't think I'll go. To night we have arranged to go to a drama to which'

Manri, Karunakaran's bussness partner has also promised to come. There is nothing much of importance over here. I hope you are enjoying yourself. That scandal you started to tell me about concerning.

Mrs, Rajan sounds interesting. Write soon.

Your affectionate Hubby,
Balram.

Finally, here is a very naughty story:

"Hello, Bill"

"Hi, Tom"

"Have you taken her out yet?"

"Yes I took her out late yesterday but I can't make much headway with her"

"You know I'm having the same tronble. I've had her out three times now and I can't get a thing out of her."

I don't, seem to be able to get her hot and I've always thought I knew my stuff"

"Though she is a pretty thing I think she'll do tricks even if you work her right. Suppose we take her out together. Two of us ought to be able to handle her."

"That's a good idea, if she doen't come across all right, we will send the damn aeroplane back to the factory."

Well readers I'm sorry. After all it wasn't a naughty story, eh?"

Ladies' Page

INDIAS WOMANHOOD

Sreemathi Sakunthala Thambi, the talented Cinema-star (formerly of G. P. Cn.)

I cannot profess to that this matter in the exhaustive method which it deserves, for the anxiety not to say too much, and the fear of saying too little, hampers me with a feeling of constraint. We have no doubt observed that our women are slowly acquiring freedom of taking the initiative, in almost every walk of life, and this if it is to be understood clearly, is of the greatest advantage

BY
Sreemathi Sakunthala Thambi.

to our national welfare, and implies widened spheres of thought and activity. Our educated women have naturally broadened views and aspirations, different from those that guide her less fortunate sisters, who feel that as others made the world we live in, we must live in it, not of it,—and endure, and bear the consequences, we are expected to conform to the rigid old doctrines and not only that, but the admission of helplessness to all the pessimism and depression and the recognition of futility, and we do conform.

Around and about us are a thousand things, which in our h art of hearts we do not appreciate, but we stand gazing at the grass that has grown beneath our feet! I suggest quite simply that we take the initiative, for it is time that we break through superstitious dogma and doctrine, forms and ceremonies, and begin to build up again the ruins of India's idealism, not the old idealism which was shattered, because of its ideals, which were both false and unattainable, but a new idealism in which we can believe. The old system which made slaves and martyrs of women has reached its '*Reductio ad Absurdum*'. Our women are gradually getting rid of the Purdah, untouchability and the curse of child marriage, and silly conventionalism.

It is well to remember that the future of India depends on our women, not on more Mahatamas or Shivajis, a grave responsibility rests on the shoulders of every Indian woman, and its very gravity must give us courage, not that we lack courage. The thing is perfectly easy, we have the concept of a new order in our minds, and that is by the detachment from the older order of things———all that is necessary is that we should become merely vocal and proclaim in a loud voice, that we propose to disinherit ourselves from the legacy of the past, and we propose a few fundamental changes of outlook in regard to such subjects as caste, religion, domestic morality, trade, world politics, and emancipation of India's womanhood.

The ke ping of a well-regulated home, educating her children, and the companionship of her mate are demands from woman. Efficience intelligence, and systematic w rk is consequently a necessity for this efficiency and varied appreciation of the opportunities of life.

There are some our sisters unfortunately whose conditions leave them scarcely any margin for leisure, but they have the blessing of skill in these every day occupations.

And there then are women who are enjoying (or more accurately suffering) too much of a good time. They contract a malady that is fatal if not to the body to the soul, and that disease is 'Ennui' eternal boredom. This is a state of unoccupied existence which is a barrier to our social and national advancement. The modern weal hy woman with plenty of time and money to burn, craves for exotic excitement, restaurants, travel, entertainments, friends and newer friends, card playing, Jewellery, clothes and more clothes and above all change, for to her 'Variety is the spice of life,' only to find that she hasn't yet attained perfect happiness.

I wish that our women will discover an interest which is independent of domestic environment which will help them against that desperate game of 'killing time' and convert this leisure into healthy pursuits of life or into different individual artistic faculties hobbies.

The art of painting, music, needlework, gardening reading, cooking and other home crafts may be to-day only 'Social accomplishmets' but it will help to bring forward the inherent skill of our women.

Drawing should be taken up in every home for it will help them to grasp the significance and varieties of forms.

Painting should help to sharpen and distinguish her sense of colour, so that she could easily understand the necessity for the charm of colour-harmony in her home. Fancy work, Embroidery and Stencilling will give a clear sense of form colour and design Music too should be taken in hand as it will provide for the family a truly restful and soothing entertainment.

Gardening not only provides healthy exercise but it gladdens the heart.

So with the armour of altruism let her go forth to her suffering sisters and thus rise above petty tyrannies of sects and creeds, and enable them to devote their lives for the constructive, creative and educative progress of our people.

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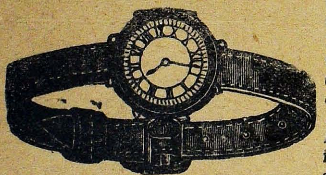

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My Garden trees

How beautiful you look, O, trees,
Your tiny leaves
They make a music in the breeze,
And glisten in the sun.
But when the day is done,
And the gloomy night enfolds you,
You frighten me.

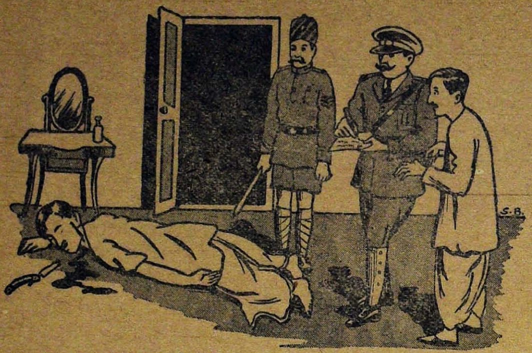
You look like giant-spooks, at night,
I get a fright
When I go out without a light,
For all your leaves, O trees,
They rustle in the breeze,
I feel as if a host of devils
Were after me.

But when the golden dawn appears,
I hear your cheers
And mockings at my groundless fears
Of moonless yesternight,
You sneer and look down from your height,
You seem to whisper with delight,
And laugh at me.

By
A.C. PETERS

Accident or Murder?

— BY "DHALO." —



......*on the floor lay the body*......

INSPECTOR Pattani Saheb closed his eyes and thoughtfully stroked the lobe of his left ear.

"You say the man was killed by misadventure?" he asked his visitor.

The visitor, a puny person with a triangular face and protruding nose and almost looking like a rat, nodded his head. He was clothed in the manner of a Bania.

"Yes sir, Purushottam and I occupy a room at 27 Angadi Street, about two streets to the west of Flower Bazaar Police Station. I went out on business this morning and when I returned at about 11 A M, I found my friend lying on the ground, with a deep gash across the left side of his neck. His face was half shaved The shaving mirror was on the floor smashed. A blood stained razor lay by his body. I rather think that while shaving, the looking glass propped up against the window crashed to the floor when the curtain bellied out in a sudden gust of wind. The sudden fall of the glass may have startled my friend, whose unsteady hand caused the gash in his neck and he died of loss of blood."

"Rather a plausible story" remarked the inspector.

"That's only my theory, sir, because Purushottam had no enemies in Madras nor is it possible that he committed suicide while in the act of shaving."

"H'm" drawled the Inspector "you have not changed the position of the body and other objects in the room?"

"No, Sir, P. C. 512 of Flower Bazaar Police Station who was informed about it as soon as I made the discovery, is keeping watch It was at his suggestion that I came here to inform you.'

The Police Inspector took out a note book and made entries in it. "Right Ho!" he said with all the importance a Circle Inspector of Police can put on. "Lead me to Angadi Street."

On reaching the scene of occurrance, the Inspector found the Constable at the flat, keeping back a crowd of intruders who in their morbid curiosity had thronged at the landing to have a view of the gory sight.

P. C. 512 clicked his heels and saluted his chief.

The Inspector nodded.

"No body has touched anything" he queried.

"No sir, everything is as it was."

"Go to the Police Station and phone to the Police Surgeon to be here immediately," ordered Pattani Saheb.

The Head Constable saluted and left. The Inspector narrowed his eyes and looked round the room taking in all the details with due care. The deceased was also a Bania. Blood had oozed from the wound and smeared the left side of the body. His eyes were wide open, but had glazed, with the onset of death.

There were no signs of struggle in the room. It was scantily furnished. On the sill of the window was a shaving brush covered with dried-up soap, and by its side was a bit of shaving stick. Right against the window stood one of the chairs, on the right side of which, on the floor, lay the body with a gaping gash on the left jugular vein. An open razor, blood-stained, was found on the ground near the right hand of the deceased. Between the chair and the wall lay a smashed frameless looking-glass with a wooden back.

The Inspector grunted and made entries in his note book.

Inspector Pattani Saheb of Flower Bazaar Police Station was easy going. He had a dislike for charge sheeting murder cases. Whenever there was any plausible theory of suicide or accidental death, in cases of unnatural deaths reported to him, he conveniently adopted them so that he could avoid unnecessary investigations and possible troubles with witnesses in the Court.

"I think your theory is correct" he observed turning to his informant, who was standing by.

The police surgeon now entered the scene. Along with him came Shama

Rao, the criminologist and amateur detective. The police chief seeing Shama Rao, scowled at him He disliked the young man for the intruding way in which he poked his nose into matters entirely connected with the police. Pattani Saheb did not want the gratuitous opinion of this self appointed contemptible sleuth with his silly theories, and turned his indignant eyes at the police surgeon for bringing the pest into this affair.

In an hour a peremptary order was received......

Mr. Bulla Shama Rao was a new star that had risen like a meteor in the firmament of criminologists in South India. After taking his law degree, he had thoughtfully avoided joining the ranks of briefless advocates, and had taken up the role of an amateur detective He had studied crimes and the psychology of criminals with due care before he set up practice as a private detective He brought intelligence, talent and a careful calculation of details into his task and worked out his cases unostentatiously without arousing an unseemly outcry. He had already won his spurs in a few sensational cases. Though the minions of the law in the subordinate service of the police department did not relish his interference, he was a *persona grata* with the departmental heads He was a friend and classmate of the police surgeon.

"Hallo! Pattani" greeted the police Doctor as he stooped down to examine the body.

"Dead as a door nail; died about four hours ago; jugular vein cut; this razor could cause the wound" laconically opined the surgeon with calmness begotten of constant association with such gruesome sights.

"O. K. It's a case of accidental death. While the man was shaving the left side of his neck, the shaving mirror toppled over, and he cut himself. Death due to shock and haemorrhage has made him drop off from the chair. The S. I. will hold the inquest." informed the police head, eyeing Shama Rao with a glint of banter in his eyes. Shama Rao was nosing round with keen interest and taking notes of the setting of each object in the room.

"You are a clever man, Mr. Shama Rao. Have you any theory?" questioned Pattani Saheb with a contemptious slip in his tones.

The compliment was ironical and edged with insolence The amateur detective nodded frigidly.

"None, Inspector" replied he with a non-committal look. His face did not move a muscle. He winked at the police surgeon, as all the three left the flat, leaving the constable in charge.

In an hour, a peremptory order was received at the Flower Bazaar Police station, from the Deputy Commissioner directing that the room mate of Purushotham be detained in custody, and that the body of the deceased should be sent up for post mortem,

The Inspector gasped and swore, "It is that blasted Shama Rao at work" he hissed. "I'll bet my bottom dollar, his theories will fail this time"

Towards evening, the Deputy Commissioner accompanied by the police surgeon and Shama Rao came into the police station. The S. I. in charge was asked to produce the Bania prisoner before them. The man in custody already flummoxed at his sudden incarceration, shivered as he was brought before the trio.

Shama Rao's mouth quirked with a sneering smile. He blew copious cigarette smoke and rivetted sparkling eyes on the prisoner.

"Where did you get opium from?" he asked irreleventlly.

The prisoner smiled weakly.

"No, Sir I never had opium."

"Did you not buy six tolas of opium

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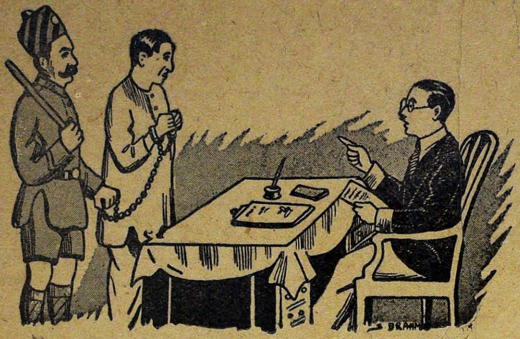
from Sohan Lal, last evening?" interrogated the detective.

The prod was successful.

The prisoner gaped. His eyes protruded out of their sockets. He seemed half paralyzed. He flopped on the floor with his mouth open—speechless.



The prisoner gaped.

"What do you say?" continuded Shama Rao taking up the train of relentless questioning.

"Yes, sir. I did buy opium' admitted the culprit, his features depicting resignation to the inevitable.

The deputy commissioner emitted a low whistle.

"Now, out with it and the whole truth. Quick" ordered the D.C, as Shama Rao nonchalantly lighted a fresh cigarette, and hitched up his well creased trousers.

The prisoner confessed. He informed them that the deceased Purushotham had two thousand rupees in his trunk, and that he had murdered him to get that amount. He had doped his room-mate the previous night with an over dose of opium administered in coffee, and that while the deceased was lying unconscious under its effect, he had arranged the body and things as seen in the room. After this, he had cut the jugular vein with the razor. His idea was to make out a clear case of accidental death.

"A clever man you are" said the police surgeon, "and our Inspector walked into the trap."

The Deputy Commissioner recorded the confession. The prisoner was led away.

"Congratulations" said the D. C. to Shama Rao.

"But may I know how you got at the truth?"

The amateur detective threw away the butt end of his cigarette, and matched his finger tips with a thoughtful smile.

"The open eyes of the dead man gave me the first clue that the case was one of homicide. The pupils were very much contracted indicating opium poisoning. The autopsy has proved the presence of opium in the viscera. The nearest opium vendor was Sohan Lal, who admitted the sale of the stuff to the prisoner. That knocked one prop out of the police theory.

The gash on the neck was neat and regular. This and the direction of the wound did not dovetail with the foolish finding of your Inspector. What is more, the deep cut on the Jugular vein could not have been caused by a sudden jerk of the hand."

'THE MIDGE'

BY R. C. T.

"Say that again!" he roared.

He was one of the biggest swells if ever there was one—(said Girilal) leastways, he tried to push himself off as one. It was an Industrial Society Lecture that I first became aware of his existence. Even then it wasn't me—or should I say "I"—anyway, it wasn't the distinguished person who tells this who first spotted him out I had been turning over in my mind the bright idea of beating it back home, unnoticed, while everyone else was shouting himself hoarse, thinking he was applauding, and had just got to the door when there rang out above all the furious din a sharp, sonorous voice: "Say! Who his that midge over there?"

The din collapsed. Looking round to find out the midge I found myself, in the stillness of that mighty hall, the cynosure of more than a hundred pairs of goggling eyes. My spine froze and beads of sweat stood on my forehead. A faint apprehensive thought leapt to my mind that the midge, the sonorous-voiced bloke had enquired about, was my own dignified self

Standing as I did 6 ft. 2 in. in my shoes and having all the pride of a well bred Saraswat I certainly did object at being called "midge" by this—, I turned a freezer in the direction whence the bomb-shell had dropped down and stilled the screaming mob into chilling silence. A little man was standing up, a snub nosed, potato-faced shrimp with caterpillar-like brows crawling over his crowish eyes And this little grown up baby of 3 ft. 3 in. was presuming to call me names!

A second time the shot rang out "Behold, he is there! Say, who is the midge?"

Looking more closely, methought the little guiding finger of the speaker chappie, which appeared like a speck of dust in the vast space of the hall, was pointing, not at me but at something or someone behind me And as I looked I was filled with a kind of exhilaration for, following the guidance of the little finger I and all the crowd beheld the Midge standing beside me.

6 ft 8 in height and turning the scales somewhere between two hundred and fifty pounds, he stood there looming large before us like some giant in human form. Looking at the fellow it reminded me of Carnera, known to be the biggest man in Europe Yet, side by side to the Midge in our hall the fellow Carnera's fame would have turned mud! With all the big talk about the stature and gigantic build of his, when he was seen beside the Midge he might have looked the former's little brother!

As I looked at the Midge, his eyes round and small, rounder now with unconcealed rage and annoyance, I felt an uncontrollable desire to laugh. I felt I had to laugh I laughed. The whole assembly laughed In a moment the hall was ringing with unsuppressed and hilarious expressions of mirth.

When the assembly had finished and were ready to curl up and die, the old screen lifted upon the second act of the drama. The Midge, all worked up to a boiling point, now fished out of his coatpocket a big, jolly halfrotten orange which trembling for a moment on his great palm, shot out into the air in the direction of my handsome friend—he *was* a handsome man if you watched more closely—and hovering for the fraction of half a second over the heads of the jolly company, descended and nestled down close against the cheek of a dyspeptic person—which person had, by the way; that very morning gone and caught, hold of toothache. A second orange came rushing by and landed against his other cheek. In another moment the Midge had legged it past me through the doorway, while I brought up the big round rear.

Outside the door we stood, for a moment, blinking at each other. Than I noticed that he was wearing a blue necktie and that a gold chain—or a chain trying to pretend it was a gold one—was dangling from the inside of his coatpocket down his generous waist. Half of the chain looked whitish—to match with the blue necktie, I suppose Finding like the drowning man when he sees a piece of straw—an opportunity to raise myself in the estimation of this great man by rallying round him and helping him over in his great trouble, I sang out to him:

"The silver has sneaked out. Shove it inside the coatpocket, old lad, and hide it from the light of the world." And I introduced him to the chain.

The Midge looked down, started and jumped back a few yards—anyhow he looked quite as if he would have jumped had the ola gunnybag been lighter As it is, he only hobbled back a few steps, stood on his toes and regarded me.

"Eh?" he said, and having removed the good old chain and hidden it from the eye of mankind, the Midge wheeled round to me and, in an overwhelming sense of obligation for the timely help rendered him, offered me one on the jaw which kind offer I with thanks declined.

When some minutes had buzzed by, which time the Midge seemed to be doing a bit of thinking, he began to walk away and I followed him like a faithful dog; for you may be sure I wasn't going to let my acquaintance with this Big One, end so soon and for all you and I knew, he might have had a big account at the Bank too. Anyway, there I was meekly following him as no faithful dog ever followed its master.

When we had swallowed up a few yards, the great body wheeled round.

"Why are you following me?" he asked. Then before I could tackle the question he bumped another on me: "I say! What was that wretched meeting about?"

I told him and he grunted in response. He spoke no further. Promted and led on by curiosity I remarked casually: "That wasn't where you wanted to go—I suppose?"

He looked at me suspiciously and for a moment I regretted my impulse in speaking at all. But he answered; "Yes—I mean No!" After awhile he went on: "I am new to this place. I have come here to visit my father-in law, who resides here. There ought to have been some soul at the station to receive me. The station was as bleak and bare as winter except for the squint-eyed ticket collector and the guard with the bushy moustache—and well, here I am!" Eyeing me reproachfully for a second as if I were solely to blame for his being stranded alone in an unknown place he retorted: 'What the blazes am I to do now?'

Thoughtlessly I replied, "Come home with me!" and then in suspense held my breath to listeen to his answer.

"Come home with you?" thundered the Midge and I felt myself lower than the crawling worm. A breathless second flew by me.

"I *shall* come with you," said the Midge, "move up" As we trudged along talking of this and that and here and there and our pasts and presents and futures, something big flashed passed us like lightning and before we could shut our gaping mouth it passed by us again, and then again, and bits of thunder rent the air......I don't know how the air can be rent and I don't think you know either But as a great many writers have been using the word off and on I don't see why I shouldn't use it too......The air was being rent with roars and shouts from inside the object that was running past us minute in and minute out. When it had played this amusing game half-a-dozen times I at last made out that it was a taxi carrying more people than was good for it— or for them. Performing a few more runs it came to a standstill a few yards behind us.

There were eighteen persons inside, safely snuggled like bedding in a luggage room. Five were hanging on to the open doors.

A fellow once wrote in some paper or other......well, he wrote "Thirteen in a taxi, four more hanging on" and thought he was being mighty clever in so writing. But no writer or otherwise could have boasted of having seen such a sight as the one that met our eyes.

"There he is!" said someone, pointing a long finger at the Midge. They tumbled down, like a swarm of bees, and tread a march towards the Midge. "How do you do?" the friendly question greeted the substantial back of the Midge—for the Midge, you know, hadn't yet turned round.

"Friends, I suppose?" I ventured meekly. The Midge, shaking off a pally arm that was crawling lovingly around his neck, turned his round bulk and faced the chummy party. "None," he answered me, 'do not know a single one of them," while each and every one of the party chorused in one throat: "Oh! It isn't he." and "It is someone else." While the air was hung with suspense, a hushed whisper was heard at the back of the little throng: "But, old boy, who on earth is the midget?"

In the deep silence where you could have heard the tread of an ant's feet, the whisper sounded like a loud speaker and the last tiny bit of the Midge's temper vanished away like a whiff of smoke.

When the little man, who had spoken, had crawled up, on all fours, from the bottom of the ditch where the Midge had thrown him, and was eyeing the Midge ruefully from a safe distance, the Midge bawled over to him: "Say that again!" he roared.

For a while we all watched in silence and the life of the Midge hung in balance as the smaller one of the two eyed his adversary and glared him up and down. Then boldly he answered, "I will not!" and walked away.

When he had stared the enemy out of the street, the Midge turned the glarers in the direction of the rest of us.

"Want to provide me with titles—any of you?" he asked politely.

"No!" We all shouted like one man, and felt much the better for it.

Finding all the party proof against all tempatations to his invitations, the Midge bestowed his righteous indignation upon a big stone that was lying in the middle of the street. Taking aim the Midge hit it with his foot; no expert cricketer could have shown better aim, the most enthusiastic golfer could not have driven the ball with such glorious results.

As the stone came into touch with the Midge's little toe it shot upwards and flew away, unchecked and unresisted, over our anxious heads and descended at last in the ditch where, only a few moments before, it had been the rare fortune of our small friend to get shot in, by the Midge. The same spot, mind you. Remarkable coincidence, wasn't it? (Wonder what would have happened had the little man been still there.)

When a part of the Midge's temper was regained or say, spent out, (you may take it in any way you like it)—he let loose some more in a roaring voice:

"Now where the blazes am I to go next?" and added as an afterthought,

"or would any of you rather have a lift across the road to that ditch?"

We all shouted our 'thanks-no-please.' Time slowly crept along like a weary bullock Then a slow hesitating voice floated over in the air: "Would you like a ride in the car?"

"Ride in the car?" the Midge repeated, "By all means I would! Take me to the station!"

Beside the car the Midge hesitated. "Am I to be packed inside with all these sardines?" and he pointed to the crowd around him.

"No!" I said, hastily but firmly. I had enough of the Midge and as quick a parting from him as possible appeared deliciously appreciable. "No." I said again, "only I am coming with you."

When we all had hoisted the great personage into the car, I slowly crept in beside him and the car moved forward. Never in my life did I see myself seated in a car that almost seemed to walk, for all its speed, as this one did. The driver complained to me years afterwards when we met again, that the car has never been its former self ever since the day the Midge got up into it. I do not wonder.

Well, days seemed to have passed before we reached the station. The train had just steamed in.

True to the blood of the Saraswats and ever obliging, I took me to the booking office to buy a ticket for the Midge. From the look on the clerk's face, as he sent a glance across at the Midge, methinks he must have thought we were cheating him out of another ticket, if the space the Midge would swallow up in the train was to be counted. Anyhow the Midge was in the train at last The whistle blew and the train started on its journey, taking the Midge—God knows where! For just then did I remember that I hadn't given the name of the place the passenger was bound for, neither had the ticket clerk asked. He had just handed over one to me Perhaps he was too spell bound at the great and rare spectacle of the Midge to think of anything else.

That was the first and last I ever saw of the Midge, (concluded Girilal).

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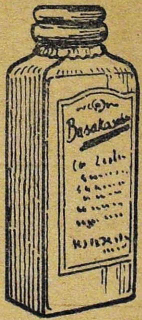

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Plays and Players on Stage and Screen

George Arliss

Nobody who has witnessed "The House of Rothschild" "Voltaire" and "Disraeli" will ever deny that George Arliss is "The first man of the Screen." This famous monocled man

George Arliss.

tried to secure a part in the dramatic societies and more often than not, he returned with his efforts having gone futile. It became a great problem to him as to how best he could utilise his latent histrionic talents. Hence he formed his own amateur dramatic Society. Arliss' experience on the amateur stage only aggravated his already existing desire to become a professional actor. While still connected with his amateur theatrical society, he made his theatrical debut with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in London. Arliss loved Florence Montgomery because she had nice arms, and took the opportunity of both staying under a tree for rain, to propose to her. Subsequently he made Florence Mrs. Arliss. She is a woman of great convictions and far sight. It is according to her wish that Arliss acted and never did he repent for the same. She asked Arliss to go along with the Campbell Company to America on a small tour of four months, but he stayed there for twenty years instead.

The success Arliss achieved in America was greater than that he secured while in London and Pinero's "Second Mrs/ Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs Ebbsmith" are some of his early successes. Subsequently Arliss become a leading member of Mrs. Fiske's Company for several seasons.

In the year 1929 George Arliss made his screen debut in the picture "Disraeli" for the warners, and "Green Goddess," "Old English," "Successful Calamity," "The Kings Vacation' and "Voltaire" are some his leading successes on the screen. When the 20th century pictures was formed by Messrs. Joseph Schneck, and Darryl. F. Zanuck, George joined this new producing concern and enacted in "The House of Rothschild" one of the productions of which filmdom could be proud of.

Born inLondon April 10, 1868, Son of William Arliss. Andrews, Printer, Grey hair, brown eyes. Height 5 feet 9 inches, Married Florence Montgotmery Sep. 16, 1899.

M. V. V.

Screen History.

Claudette Colbert was born in Paris. She studied in America. She is very fond of out-door games like the other American girls. She is also very fond of travelling.

She has black hair and grey eyes and stands 5' 5". She weighs 105lbs.

In the year 1924, during Xmas time, the girl playing in the "Wild Westcotts" fell ill and claudette was invited to act in her stead. She accepted the invitation and did her job very well.

After this she went to Chicago to play a role in the play called "We've got to have Money." For her work she

Ann Harding
in "Gallant Lady"

received Rs. 22,000, and that too only for one night Then she came to London and took part in many plays, such as "The Kiss in a Taxi," "The Ghost Train," "The Barker" etc., etc.,

Having heard of her talent and her fame, many film companies sent her an invitation to come and act for them. She played a role in the "Lady Lies," "The Big Pond." She also acted with Maurice Chevalier in his film "The Smiling Lieutenant."

The director Cecil B Demile, selected her for the special role Queen Popiee in his picture "The Sign of the Cross."

She married Norman Foster an American gentleman. She is still working under the contract of the "Paramount."

Her latest picture "Cleopatra" will be shortly seen in India.

196745

Theatres.

The largest cinema theatre in the world is in America which has an accommodation for 6500 people. It s called the ' Roxy.'

• •

The second is the ' Gomont Palace ' in Paris. It has an accommodation for 6000 people.

• •

Third comes three cinemas in Great Britain. They all have accommodation for 5500 people. Their names are Trokadiro, Elephant and Castle.

• •

The following figures show the number of cinema theatres in some important countries.

Germany........................5,267.

United States.................20,500.

Switzerland.......................325.

Europe (as a whole) has 7000 more than America.

• •

Every week 130,000,000 people go to pictures in America, while the income derived there, for one year is £110,000,000.

" Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief. "

Edward G. Robinson has played them all, and it looks as though this versatile actor would round out the list of Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, thief.

Robinson's variety is one of the most striking things about his work. His two most recent films serve to illustrate the point, supplying him as they have with two such contrasted character studies as Mike Mascaren as happy, swaggering captain of a Portuguese fishing craft in " Tiger Shark, " and " Haw ". Tabor grinning ghost of Leadville, who made one of his spectacular fortunes of America in Colorado silver, and lost all of it before he died. Robinson plays the " Haw " Tabor role in " Silver Dollar " based on David Karsner's book of the same title and soon to be released by the first National.

---

177 Babies tested for the role in Chevalier's Film.

There's a new group of " Baby Stars " in Hollywood. Each one of them—and their total number is 177—has had a screen test, and has demonstrated to the executive of Paramount Studio, possession of a superior personality. All of them are under the age of one year. They were the children who gave a good run to Baby Leroy, the eight month's old foundling, who was chosen by Maurice Chevalier to play one of the most important roles in " A Bed Time Story. "

Fredric March
in "We Live Again"

" These children are the best for personality and looks that could be found in Los Angelos and Hollywood , " said Taurog, director of the picture. " In the country-wide search throughout the city, more than 1000 children around the age of eight months were interviewed and these 177 were given tests only after we felt sure that they had more charm and personality than any others."

" The fact that Baby Leroy was selected does not detract from the ability or the quality of these other children. Among them there may be 1944's Jackie Cooper, or another Wesley Barry, a Dickie Moore or a Jackie Pearl. "

" These kids are Hollywood's best. Most of them demonstrated a definite flair for acting. At least fifty of them suggest the latent ability to develope into a definite screen personality. Give them a generation, and I'll wager Hollywood will hear from them again. "

" Mussoloni Speaks. "

A dramatical and romantic life story of Benito Mussoloni, Italy's great man, has been produced by the Columbia Pictures as one of the outstanding offerings on its current season's programme.

With its early release, Columbia once again introduces a striking innovation in screen and stage entertainment, for never before has one of the leading figures in the world affairs enacted his life's role on celluloid. Here, for the first time, is the true scope and power of the camera and microphone so strongly revealed.

" Mussoloni Speaks " presents an exclusive and authentic film autobiography of the Italian Dictator with the actual events in his colourful career serving as the incident' of the story The camera first introduces us to Mussoloni's birth place and then carries us through such highlights in what is now history as Mussoloni's valiant war career: the memorable March of Rome, the industrialization of Italy and its South African colonies; the unbelievable rehabitation of Mt. Volture in forty days, following a disastrous earthquake of several years ago and the historic gathering of Fascists from all Italy at Naples to celebrate the anniversary of Mussoloni's ascension to the Dictatorship of Italy.

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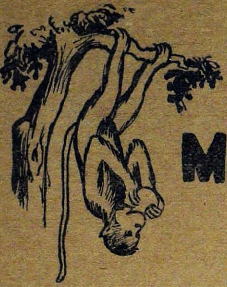

MONKEY GLANDS!

STANDING in front of my mirror a few days ago, I was running my fingers through my hair, vaguely conscious that I had seen my face somewhere before, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a sinister streak in the general ebony.

At first I thought I was wrong. Perhaps it was only the light glinting on it. Or, better still, it was some platinum blonde's. Now let me see. Did I go out with a white girl? No. Hmmm. So it must be mine. Perhaps I had eaten something that had disagreed with me. Or perhaps like the story of some what's-is-name, I must have had a shock at night and in the morning the hair must have turned white! That must be the only explanation. Or, was it the shock of the Coffee-hotel bill yesterday? That might have accounted for the grey hairs!

Surely it can't be due to my old age Why, I am only 46 come next Pongal. And believe it or not only last week two girls, actually gave me the glad-eye, at the Roxy theatre!

Now something had to be done about this. At first I decided to con-

BY

T. L. EDWIN

ceal it behind a clump of black ones. But three days later I saw a couple more on the other side of my cranium. So I pulled them out. This was the worst thing that I possibly could have done. It was as if I had given the word "Hustle", for a week later when I went to the mirror I found to my chagrin many more white ones.

So every week I found that I had to do a lot of weeding, until at last I couldn't stand it. I tried Hair-dyes of all makes, but they only postphoned the trouble. At length I called in Venkat for advice.

"Hello! old chap, what's wrong?" he inquired "Nothing, lad. I only

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want to have your advice on my hairs."

"Airs? Surely you aren't going to tell me that you've composed refrains?" he demanded.

"*Hairs.* Not *Airs.* See? H for Humpty Dumpty A for Anthropology I for Income-tax and R for Rolex—oyster watches."

"Oh, you mean the thing that grows on you. Well, what about it?"

"Listen, old chap. My hair is turning grey and I want to do something about it."

"Well this certainly is a teaser. Have you tried Hair Dye?"

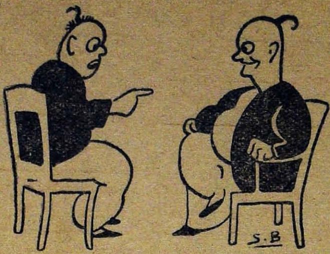
"Yes. But it ain't permanent."

"I know, wait. I've got it," he said with enthusiasm. "Ever heard of Voronoff?"

"No."

"Well, milad. He is the chap who is playing monkey tricks with this world. Goes about collecting Chimpanzees, gorillas, Gibbon apes, monkeys etc., digs out their glands and fixes them on you. And Hey presto! You are only 25 years old."

"What's that got to do with my problem?" I asked dubiously.



"Ever heard of Voronoff?

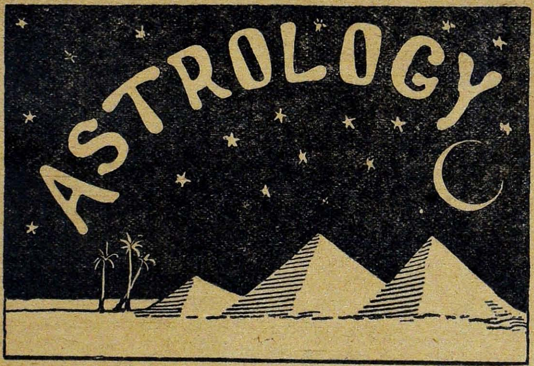
"Why? everything," he said. "Just undergo Voronoff's monkey gland treatment and you'll become young again and can join college."

And with that advice, he was off, leaving me all alone.

Late into the night I mused about Venkat's advice and about Monkey glands, chimpanzee's kidneys and Ourang Outang's lung's. Of course it would be grand living up to 125 and all that. But supposing I become like an ape, get hairy all over and start making faces at people, I might be locked up in the Zoo!

I could picture myself gibbering and climbing up Corporation lamp posts, eating nuts and bananas, and hanging head downwards without my trousers! My giddy hat and ditto aunt! Such a thing was preposterous. Or, I might start making faces at passers-by, turn somersaults etc., until at length I might be led on a chain!

So that was out. Venkat's ideas were always fantastic. If they were sound why doesn't he try the gland business himself? Him and his glands! I hope some one Voronoff's him!



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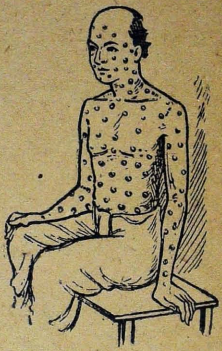

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"IN 1944."

BY A.C. PETERS

MY boss has been acting rather nasty of late. He has been murmuring something about lousy, good-for-nothing fellows, and reduction of Establishment. I have, so many times, decided to give him a piece of my mind, but every time I make up my mind I get an attack of shivering somewhere about the knees, inspite of my having invested three guineas in a Will-power and Personal Influence Course.

... *I get an attack of shivering.* ...

Perhaps, he has failed to realise that in 1944 the ricketty old chair I sit on, will fetch him anything from a thousand pounds upwards, at Christy's. The old pen I write with will at least be worth a quarter of a thousand, and all the office correspondence bearing my signature will, undoubtedly, fetch anything from ten guineas upwards. Swop collecting Americans will have to line-up in my boss's office, and take their turns, while many, I am sure, will go away disappointed.

Ten years hence I shall become famous, and shall have to engage two ex-heavyweights as ushers, to keep the crowd of reporters back in my 'Private' office. I shall have to keep handy two boxes of cigars, one brand that I do like and smoke, and the other that the press reports say I smoke.

I shall have to learn special terms and phrases, and memorise whole sentences, which those who have greatness thrust upon them alone are authorised to use. The average man, the man in the street, driven there by his landlord, and the taxes, generally says, "I am sorry, old boy, I must get along, but a famous author will not impress even a dummy reporter with language of that kind. I shall have to take care of sentences like, "Gentlemen, my time is limited"—"Oh, no, on the other hand it has been a great pleasure,"—"I should like to reserve my opinion on this subject",—and "I am afraid, the facts have been greatly distorted."

Ten years hence I shall have to decide whether my favourite vegetable is tomato, cabbage, or turnip. It will surely not do to give out that I like cauliflower more than anyother vegetable, especially when none of the famous authors like Dickens, Shakespeare, or Ruskin, have ever liked cauliflower. One simply cannot become great these days by eating cauliflower, and my public and the publishers will be far from impressed if they learn that I have a weakness for carrots. Authors and carrots never go together, it simply isn't done, and after all who cares for an author who eats carrots, bah!

I shall have to post circulars to most of the modern authors, asking them what are the things they like most, what are the fruits they are partial to, and whether they eat onions. Somebody has said that onion is strength, another

fellow says that it keeps the doctor away, while another cynic points out that the ostriches bury their heads in the sand, when they see a Negro approach, because Negroes eat raw onions, but nobody has dared to throw light on this question of vital importance—whether famous authors eat onions.

Ten years hence when the reporters come to see me, I shall have to be prepared to tell them what my favourite dish is, and whether I like roasted tongue, or stewed steaks, baked duck, or bacon and eggs. It will never do to make a mess of the whole thing by telling them that I am very fond of potato-chops, or fried-mince, one simply does not become great these days, nor famous, by eating potato-chops. What will authors like Edgar Rice Burrough and Hall Caine say when they hear of such things?

My tailor and grocer, butcher and baker will curse the day they were born, for when they come to me and beg me to subscribe my name to their list of costomers. I shall put on a million-dollor look, push the cigar in the left corner of my mouth (no, it should be the right corner, that's what others are doing) put my thumbs in the sleeveless vest arm-holes, and say, 'Hm-hm-yes-me-ah-no-sorry', and let them down badly, at the same time calling their attention to the 'sweet' threatening letters they used to send me, ten years back. It will be a day of reckoning, and if these gentlemen have any sense left. let them take the hint and wend their ways—now, yes, right now. Defer not till to-morrow to be wise, etc, etc.

The sweet girls, and their mothers will have the disappointment of their lives, when my charming lady-secretary will politely but firmly point out to them that the burra-sahib is busy and cannot see anybody. Rosy, now married to Brodwick of the Customs department, simply because his pay is four

... *When the reporters come to see me.* ...

times that of mine, and Annie, now married to Harry of the Excise Department, simply because he holds a position, will cry and gnash their teeth, and curse all the 365 days of the year, because they refused me, a modest violet, a lesser satellite, now shining with the brilliance of a second sun, an undiscovered treasure, lying buried in the sands of obscurity, waiting to be dug up, etc, etc.

And then another fifty years hence, Scientists, from all over the World, will come to see me, an old famous author, bent, but not broke, and will ask me how I have managed to live so long, and what do I attribute my long life to.

I shall laugh, no, smirk, and for once I shall tell them something which will be the truth, free from feigned publicity, something which will leave them astonished, mystified and talking for years after that. I shall tell them something which they will believe, and yet doubt it behind my back,

" I owe my long life, gentlemen, to laziness, sheer, rank laziness, throughout my life. I have never worked hard, all my life."

But I doubt if they will believe me because that is what they will never expect me to say,

——

TIGER'S LUCK.

BY

"ZYRO."

"CHEETAHS! Hunt Cheetahs!"

"Yes, Damo."

"Man, I tell you, hunt foxes or your grandmother, for that matter," said Damo with the most withering contempt he could command.

Narain was not much of the sporting breed. He would take out his Uncle's gun and bring game. But it looked as if he was more sorry for the birds he shot than the birds themselves could be.

As for Ganesh, he too carried a gun more to keep company with Narain, for the two were impartible. But Damo was different.

Uncle Shivji knew the mettle Damo was made of. Hyaenas, Cheetas, wild dogs and bears, Damo did not care to think of as any serious sport worth the while of men.

To Damo a couple of hippos or a pair of rhinos not to mention the dinosaurs, would be something after his heart, lions tigers and pumas being in his opinion the things that any man with the name of hunter would care to level his gun at.

When we gathered for the bracing Xmas at Uncle Shivji's, the talk turned to the rapid killing up of animals in our jungles when Uncle sprang upon us some welcome news, like the very beast he was going to talk about:

"Damo, old man, there is something after your heart in the jungle over there on the other side of the hill."

"Our gardener was telling us that fowls and sheep are

rather frequently disappearing of late," remarked Narain.

"What if they disappear ?" asked Ganesh.

"That means our jungle wallahs are unduly attentive to us, and that it was time we went out to pay our respects and honour them with salutes," answered Narain.

"Those denizens of the forest might be innocent for all that. Our gipsy friends who have come out to pay us their visits and give us those quaint dances and songs, are quite capable of spiriting away poultry and sheep," put in Ganesh.

"I say, Ganesh, for the way you plead for the wild rogues of the forest, you ought to be the President of the S.P.C.A. and a huge photo of yours ought to be hung up on the walls of the association. Your gipy story would be right if only we didn't see foot prints of these wild creatures. What do you say, Damo ?"

"Ganesh, if it is a fowl here or a lamb there which some of these rogue cheetahs are after, I would not seriously chastise the poor greedy things—but if what Uncle Shivji says is true, well, I should like to see how to meet our friend. Did you see the tiger, Uncle ?" asked Damo, brushing aside the discussion about paltry poultry and childish cheetahs.

"I am not quite sure I saw the brute, though one day I thought I caught him rustling through our maize—but his thumb impression—his foot prints on the sands of time—there was no mistaking them, I thought, Damo, when saw his marks, he had his days to reckon for I know you have been so keen about meeting one," Uncle said.

"Why not we go to-morrow, Uncle?" asked Damo.

"Surely, why not ? Do go, boys."

"So you come too, Uncle ?"

"Ah, Damo, that I cannot. I have to meet Mr. Burberry, our Dt. Magistrate, to-morrow morning at Santalgram. That is a good thirty mile trek. So I am leaving early morning to-morrow. But you boys can buy your luck. I might join you about noon if all goes well. But, look here, boys, do take a decent supply with you. Maybe you might have to get deep into the jungle."

"Uncle, uncle, don't you be bothered about that. Damo will take good care of supplies," assured Ganesh.

So it was fixed up: the hunt was to be a Tiger hunt: without Uncle Shivji too at the hunt. But Damo was bubbling away with life, fire and adventure and thrills.

Rather late it was when the three went to bed—not before Uncle's directions had been fully carried out.

Early morning Damo was up: the others too got up early: ample attention was paid to the hot things on the table: the kitchen was humming away with activity for hours: Damo, Ganesh and Narain remembered Uncle's injunction and as much as they could get in into their adventurous persons was stuffed, for, Uncle had said, they might have to get deep into the jungle before they met with wily stripes.

Not clearly dawn—

The orange coloured forerunners of the Great Master of the day had come out to herald the advent of their great Light Lord. The dawn was so brilliant and glorious. The three sportsmen started out. One or two trials Narain had and brought down a few birds. But Damo was against that: he was against frittering away the sporting nerve over trifles.

The three made decent progress. Their own village was now merely a few tiled glimpses in the mango grove in the distance and the lake looked like the small tank of a temple and the temple spire was more a picture than a real mounting pile of gods and goddesses in their living poses and activities in those wonderful frescoes.

Up on the hill you see the jungle begins at the foot of it. The three stood up to take a view and decide at which point to strike in.

"Ah, there you are !"

"Ah, there, there, that is it," again cried the same voice.

There at the foot of the hill—with steady steps, with his face turned up at the three on the top of the hill, there was the tiger moving along. Who would have thought of it !

Narain's line was birds; and Ganesh was simply Narain's man; he was his man Friday to carry his chief's things. It was the hour for Damo's stroke.

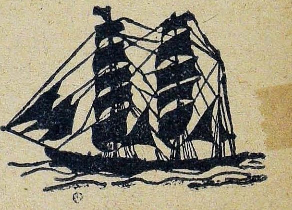
"Why, that beast has solved our problem. No need to worry where we shall pierce through the forest. Get us the double barrel—come on, Ganesh."

Ganesh stared—so did Narain.

"Here you are—the beast down there and only two toy guns with us—splendid !"

Away ran Damo down the hill—without another word. And if Damo was not there to grapple with the beast which had become the terror of the villages round about, Narain and Ganesh found their way home just in time to meet Uncle Shivji to tell the good luck of the tiger.

———



NIGHT and DAY

BY R. Meenakshisundram, B.A. Hons.

THE subject that I have taken up is so vitally important to our future happiness and well being, that an apology is hardly necessary for dealing with it, in a manner befitting its importance.

In spite of diligent and continuous research extending over a decade and a half, I have not yet been able to discover who it was that introduced the system of sleeping by night and working during the day time. Whoever he was, I can now boldly assert that he must have been a hard-hearted and merciless individual who delighted at other's sweating and suffering. The advantages of passing our day time in peaceful and profound slumber and working during the night, are so obvious that I am forced to wonder how they have escaped our attention so long!

Day time is most uncongenial for work of any kind—mental or physical. This is especially so in tropical countries where, the temperature in the shade remains constant at over 100 degrees from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. It is cruel to compel us to work under such a severe handicap, for no other palpable reason than that our fathers and forefathers were satisfied with the arrangement. But, my grandfather did not crop his hair, did not shave himself twice a day, he never wore a coat or shirt not to speak of pants or patent leather shoes. He did not speak English and never went to an office to keep his body and soul together. We have deviated a great deal from the path that was followed by our ancestors, we are adjusting our activities in accordance with the requirements of an advanced and analytical age, and, to argue that we must continue to work and sweat in the sweltering heat of a merciless Sun, Just because our ancestors were foolish enough to do so, is to say the least most unconvincing, if not absurd.

The atmosphere during the day time is so enervating that the quality of the work turned out suffers considerably. We devise all sorts of artificial methods to protect ourselves from the unbearable heat: we want electric fans, we drink enormous quantities of iced and aerated waters, we remove our coats and sometimes even our shirts, we bandage our heads with towels, we hang *cus-cus thatties* all round the room; but in spite of all this elaborate paraphernalia our brains refuse to work and our eyes close themselves automatically. How many valuable lives are lost year after year by Sun-stroke?

It would certainly be more pleasant, romantic and exhilarating to do all our work during the cool and invigorating hours of the night. Ask any man, woman or child, they will vote for the moon in preference to the sun. Of course it is a great pity that by a strange and unaccountable freak of nature, the moon is prevented from giving us the benefits of its presence every night. I am inclined to believe that originally God intended the moon to function continuously all the year ronnd, but at some later period He got disgusted with man's arrogant stupidity in refusing to take advantage of His blessing, and ordered the moon to conceal her light under the bushel for fifteen days in the month. But we, however, can easily solve the problem of illumination with the aid of science and its electric light which is more than sufficient for our purposes No extra expenditure need be incurred on this account as we can dispense with the services of the electric fans during the day time when we are all asleep.

Another very great advantage is that there would be fewer crimes committed. I have collected statistics in the course of my investigation and I can prove definitely that the criminal dreads the sunlight even more than the police. The psychology of the human mind is such that it shuddens at the very idea of thieving or murdering in broad daylight and if everybody should be awake during the whole of the night, the rogues and scoundrels of society will find it extremely difficult to carry on their nefarious vocation.

Let us see how the revised programme of our daily routine look like:—

7-30 or 8 P.M.—Rise from bed.

8-30 P.M.—Breakfast.

10-30 P.M.—Dinner.

11 P.M. to 5 A.M.—Office work, with an interval of one hour from 1 A.M. to 2 A.M. for midnight lunch.

5-30 A.M.—Tea.

5-45 A.M. to 8-45 A.M.—Club life, sports, theatres and other amusements and recreations.

9 A M.—Supper.

9-30 A.M.—Bed.

Is there anything fantastic or ludicrous about this time-table?

Reform in this direction is urgently needed, if we are to keep pace with the rest of the world. We are accused of being a sluggish and apathetic nation, we are told in season and out, that we can never hope to compete with other countries, and, it is my firm belief, that so long as we continue to work under the depressing day time conditions, we connot get over our apathy or sloth. The only salvation for our country lies in bringing about a very early change in our working hours and thereby improving and enhancing the quality and quantity of our output.

Gentlemen, I have done my duty. I have diagnosed the malady and suggested the only possible remedy. It is for you dear Editor and my readers to take up the question earnestly, agitate, organise meetings and lectures, lead deputations or even perform Satyagraha if need be and court imprisonment, to force the Government to pass the necessary legislation to convert day into night and night iuto day.

—

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER

Dear Children,

First let me wish you all a prosperous New-year. This time I've repeated the same puzzle for I received many letters from readers in Malay states and S. Africa, complaining that they handn't time enough to submit their entries. I have received more than 2000 entries for the 'Letter puzzle,' and I haven't finished going through them, so I will announce the winner's names in the 20th Issue. I'm sure you'd like the story this time. Cheeri ho! folks.

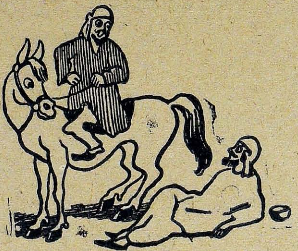
Cousin Eddie

THE Arab's Steed

Once there lived in Baghdad an Arab who had a beautiful horse. The fame of his horse spread far and wide and every one in Arabia wanted to possess it. A certain Head-man named Mamoun wanted to buy the horse and offered 100 dinars for it. But the Arab refused to sell his steed. This refusal angered Mamoun and he decided to gain possession of the horse by trickery.

So he disguised himself as a beggar and pretended to be very ill, and lay down by the roadside, knowing that the Arab would pass that way. The Arab who was a very kind hearted man came along soon and saw the supposed beggar. He was very sad when he saw that the beggar was very ill and decided to help him.

"What ails you friend?", he asked him. I haven't eaten for four days, sire," replied the beggar.



The Arab wanted to get him some food at the town; so he decided to take him along with him.

So he dismounted and carried the beggar to the horse. No sooner was the man safely on the saddle however, than he galloped away leaving the Arab.

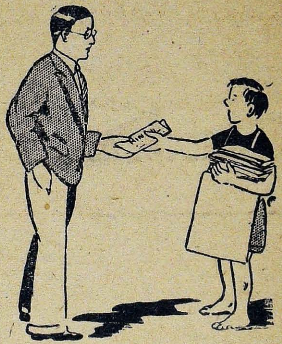
"Stop! Stop!" cried the Arab. "You have stolen my steed, but I have one request to make to you; that is, that you never will tell anyone how you came to get my horse."

"Why not?" demanded Mamoun.

"Because," said the Arab, "Some day another man may be by the roadside really ill, and if your trickery is known, men may fail to stop and help him!"

Mamoun was ashamed when he heard this and he rode back and gave the horse to the Arab.

—



We thought we'd play News-
paper boys.
And brought out lots and lots,
Of ancient papers from the shed.
And made a lot of noise.

We called out "Paper" in the
street.
And to our friends we sold.
But when they fond what they
had bought.
Their friendship went quite cold!

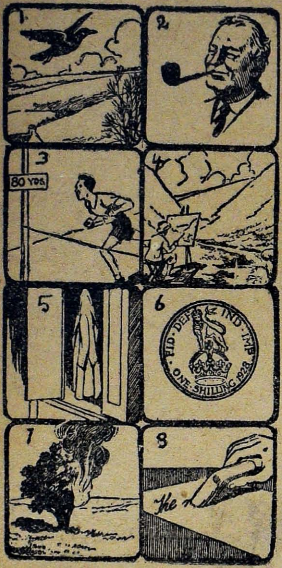
—

COMPETITION No. 6

Closing Date 30—1—35

(Only for Children below 18 years)

1st Prize Rs. 15 **2nd Prize Rs. 10**



Complete List of Clues.

1. **Race.**
2. **Lone crow.**
3. **Smokeless.**
4. **Artist.**
5. **Eraser.**
6. **Shilling.**
7. **Overcoat.**
8. **India-rubber.**
9. **Bob.**
10. **Bush Fire.**
11. **Vale.**
12. **Spirit.**
13. **Almirah.**
14. **Athlete.**
15. **Black-Briar.**
16. **Fire-side.**

Children's Puzzle No. 6 (Coupon.)

CLOSING DATE 30TH JANUARY 1935

1. LONE CROW.
2. ....
3. ....
4. ....
5. ....
6. ....
7. ....
8. ....

Age............

Address..

....

....

....

The Editor Pays

BY
REO

The times are getting hard. There is the great trade depression and there is the still greater depression stealing over my heart. It is becoming hard to get on, becoming hard for me to drag my weary life comfortably to the grave. There is no post which I can fill—either to my satisfaction, or to the satisfaction of those who engage me Even the people walking about China Bazar have become more careful and have begun to guard their purses with unprecedented prudence. To make matters worse, my long silky fingers have lost their silent touch, rendering it extremely difficult for me to replenish my pockets, at the expense of other people's; and I am brooding alone like an aged killer of the forests, divested of his claws and teeth and all other things, which would get for him by hard toil, his bread for the day.

There is only one thing that I can do. One single thing, where I can put my fingers into service and eke out a moderate sustenance. I will write articles. Why not? Well! Here goes pen on paper. My fingers race across the page, scribbling down splendid, well-thought out sentences, pregnant with the sterling ideas inside my brains. Ah! Yes! The Article is complete It remains for me to send it along to some editor and get it published and paid for by that discriminating intellectual person. Surely he would not tread upon this stupendous scintillating effort of mine?

I have sent the article to one Magazine after another. But the pig-headed blighters behind the editorial tables of these miserable rags, which call themselves up-to-date magazines, have, one and all, sent me back my precious article, with words of profuse apology and hypocritical regret, but not a single word of commendation or praise. I thought the 'Grumpy' had for 'as editor, a good and sympathetic person,' but I have been cruelly disillusioned I thought the 'Skipper' to be a Magazine which published only articles of the highest excellence. But the people behind the 'Skipper' have kicked back my polished super-excellent article and given place to far inferior stuff.

Every Magazine has turned the cold shoulder towards me; but, I will not give up. I will send this article of mine to the 'Popular', the gem of all the Magazine class, the brilliant publication which gives scope, gives place, exclusively, to the best, the noblest writings of the greatest authours in the country. Surely that is the only place which deserves the honour of trumpeting forth to the world, my genius as an author.

Well, after twenty eight days of agonised suspense and fond hopes, I have received back my article from the 'Popular Office.' The Editor has returned it with the following respectfully apologetic note:—

"The Editor of the Popular sends his best compliments and good wishes to Mr: REO and thanks him from the bottom of his heart for sending the accompanying article entitled 'Duffer Jems', but regrets he is unable to use it."

Poor chap, this Editor! Feels, perhaps, that my article is of too high a standard for his Magazine. Poor fellow! He regrets he is unable to use it! Does he have the apprehension that I will get angry? No, No, a thousand times no. I'll satisfy his fears.

"Dear Editor,

Please do not regret. You can use my article. I won't be displeased with you for doing that. For the compliments and best wishes, you sent me, I feel I must return something. I am a poor man and haven't got much of doubt with me, my dear fellow. But don't you worry. You publish my article and be happy. I will never let you down, but shall try to send you more of the same stuff.

Yours,
REO."

Again to the Office of the 'Popular' goes my article and the letter. A week passed, and then, comes for me a bulky parcel. My article has once more been sent back: and here is the Editor's letter.

"Dear Sir,

We regret to inform you that we cannot publish your article in our paper. So, please receive back the same. Better luck next time.

Yours,
The Editor."

Better luck next time! What's the fun of this? I can't understand. But never mind. I will send 'Duffer Gems' back again to the Editor! Wishes me better luck next time. So here goes.

"Dear Editor,

I am making my 'next' attempt and sending this scintillating "Duffer Gems" to you. Don't be so modest. You see this article is for your publication. I wonder, how you manage to get on with so much of modesty about you. Don't be so modest and use this article.

Yours,

REO,"

By return post came the reply.

"Mr. REO,

We don't want your article and we don't want to be pestered by you any further. The best place we suggest for your article is the Municipal Dust-bin. We hope you will resort to that expedient in future instead of sending such nonsense to us.

Yours,

Editor."

Doesn't want my article? It's nonsense, is it? Blast him, the blighter! And I thought he was a decent fellow! The Municipal Dust-bin is the best place for my article? And he doesn't want to be pestered by me? I'll teach him! I will teach him!

Mr. Editor,

If you don't want my article, I too don't. You can take it back and put into any Dust-bin you like along with your swollen head. Here is my article. You can keep it with you as a momento of my ability. And, so as long as you live, you will be pestered and pestered and pestered and again pestered if you don't pay proper respect to my article: and if you die, you will go to hell and be pestered there too.

REO."

No reply for a week. What can be the matter? Ah! Here comes the postman! A card for me? Let's see. Oh! It is from the Editor.

Eh! What's this? The latest copy of the 'Popular.' Blast it! And what's this? A cheque for me? WHAT? And what for?

"Herewith sending a cheque for ten rupees to Mr. REO, for his illuminating correspondence published in our present issue dated 7th August 1934.

The Editor."

And published in extense in the latest copy of the 'Popular' was, the furious correspondence with which I had stormed the 'Popular' Office.

The Editor pays! Rotten good chap, this Editor.

Now for the next attempt!

Hair Destroyer.

This is the only successful medicine for removing hair, where it is superfluous It is a pleasant chemical compound entirely free from all poisonous ingredients which if presistently used permanently destroys the *cyst* and *follicle* (after which the reappearance of hair is impossible), without the slightest pain and injury to the skin, leaving the latter as clear and smooth as if there had never been a growth of hair upon it. It never fails to give the desired relief where other remedies have failed. Price Per Phial As. 8

G. Cure.

A specific for all urethral affections specially acute and chronic gonorrhoea of painful and severe type. All burning pricking and painful sensations, excessive or scanty urinations and discoloration ceases within 12 hours. Single dose brings marvellous effect. Two days' use reduces the disease to half its severity. This has been prepared in a thoroughly scientific method. It kills the germ "Gonococci" which are a bacilli of gonorrhoea in a very short time and thus paves the way to permanent cure. This is a sovereign remedy for acute Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Urithritis, Running white, etc., and their consequences. People who cannot pass urine without the introduction of a Catheter should try this. PER PHIAL RE. 1.

Latest Novelty **Automatic Motion!!**

Hygienic Rubber Goods.

List of seamless Rubber Goods etc., for men.
Improved Washable Paragon Sheaths.

Made of special elastic Para Rubber. Washable and lasts a long time. It has an excellent effect and is an infallible preventive. Silk finish warranted free from defect, offers absolute security. All guaranteed finest quality. Each in a box with directions for use Natural colour. Single and Reinforced Double Top.

Price 1st	Quality	Rs. 2	0 0	each.
" 2nd	"	" 1	12 0	"
" 3rd	"	" 1	0 0	"
" 4th	"	" 0	12 0	"

Guaranteed British Manufacture.
Contraceptive & Birth Control Device for Women.

Solid rim Improved Check pessary with Silk string.

FOR WOMEN.

(PRO-RACE PATTERN.)

Special Quality, made of pure medicated rubber extremely high finish. Seamless with Solid Rubber Rim. High dome, Hygienically Sterilized. Exactly of the same shape as recommended by Dr. Stopes and president, Birth Control Leauge of England. Packed each in a box, complete with directions.

Price 1st	Quality	Rs. 3	0 0	Each.
" 2nd	"	" 2	4 0	"
" 3rd	"	" 1	8 0	"

SUPERIOR WATCH Co., POST BOX No. 167, MADRAS.

I KNOW MY RESOURCES BEST!

BY. Y. BALARAM.

SUSILA was full of spirits that morning,—I mean of course the natural buoyancy of animal spirits and not the liquor or ghost variety. Heaven forbid that she should be ever driven to manifest the spirits of the bibber or of the spooks. As it is, Susila is already an expensive and uncontrollable appendage of my domestic life, and there are problems enough for the husband in me to face and solve in the incorrigible wife in her!

"You are not going to the Office to-day, Sankar!" she cooed, "It's the penulimate Saturday,—isn't it?" she glanced at the calendar on the wall.

"It is, dearest,—but I've to———"

"N-no." she emphatically cut in. "You *aren't* going." There was command in her tone.

"But I've to attend to some arrears of work, dearie" I completed the interrupted sentence.

"Arrears,—arrears, indeed! Why, You're *ever* in arrears and in *every-thing*. The landlady called last night. I gave her a piece of my mind and reminded her that it was *you* that paid the rent and not *I*. I made her understand that,—you see?"

"*I* do understand, my dear," I really did and only too well. "But I'm trying to clear all the arrears, you know" I added proudly.

"But you've digressed, Sankar," she put in sharply. "Heaven knows how you are trying to clear off arrears. You are yet to add an atom to what papa had sent me here with in the shape of jewellery. Pankajam of the next door is monthly shining in some-thing new" A sniff as a preliminary to a sob was noticeable in the conclud-ing words.

I placed my hands on her shoulders. She averted her eyes from me and turned away her head to where the gramophone machine used to be and started. She took off my hands, went back a couple of steps.

"Where *is* the gramophone achine?"

I turned my eyes to the place indi-cated and gently shook my head.

"I dunno. I noticed its absence this morning and thought you must have lent the thing with the records to Pankajam. Why, there is *Nagu-momu* playing, don't you hear it?"

"What has happened to the machine, I wonder" she went on dis-regarding my words, "I didn't lend it to a soul. I won't. It's my principle. The Sanskrit proverb speaks of three things not to be lent,—books, women and money. The gramophone machine and records are also such. But, Sankar, where *is* it gone? Thieves? Oh!" she started dancing about the room. she was exhibiting another species of spirits now. The holiday spirits were gone. "You *must* find it for me, Sankar, you must. *And the records*! They've also dis-appeared. Run out Sankar. Inform the police. Do something. *Won't* you stir?"

"Be calm, dearie. be calm. I shall find it out for you. We'll get it back I'll inform the Police on my way to the office. It was a Columbia, —wasn't it,—and fifty records?"

"And two drama serials"

"And then?"

"Oh! I don't remember, Sankar! Let's get the machine back and what-ever is left of the records. Run out. Sankar."

By this time the music that was playing in the neighbourhood and to which I drew Susila's attention grew louder.

"They sound like our records" said Susiia. I smiled faintly.

"They all sound alike, dearie" I reminded her. "It is from the hotel opposite," I added walking up to the window. "Yes. It's from there. He seems to have acquired one to attract customers by. How fine! The music, I mean. See hnw better it is to hear it from a distance, Mellowed and melodious strains flowing into our ears instead of loud jarring on the tympanum from within the room. Musiri at his best there—*Jagamele*, I accompanied the music of the plate."

"Is *this* the time for you to enjoy the hotel music when your own has been purloined? You don't care for me, Sankar," she sobbed. I could not contain any longer.

"Well look here, Susila, dearest, What did you tell our landlady?"

"The landlady! Why, I asked her to get the rent from you and not to pester *me* with her visits, or rather visitations."

"Well, she acted up to your word." I said, "And I was not lying to you when I told you I was trying to clear off all arrears. She's got her rent *to a pie*, and I'm now going to pay off the 'lectric current charges. I am henceforth a free man and let me add Susila, my love, that for our own wel-fare I'll be domestic treasurer from this month on"

Her face fell. She was sobbing still, her fingers fidgeting with the end of her saree. I continued:

"So, from now on I am my own master. You were quite right when you told the landlady that the pay-ment of rent was my own business and none of yours. See? Quite right. I know my resources best——"

"Why all this lungs, Sankar. I know the stuff. But get my machine back. That's also your business" she added mischievously.

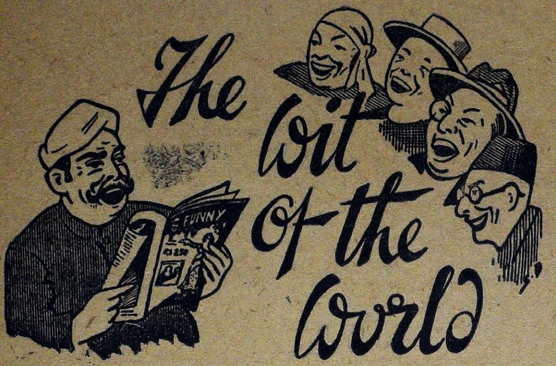
I drew myself up to my full height with my hands on my hips.

"Look here, Susila. That is what I was coming to. *There* is our machine, and our records playing even now" I said pointing to the window. "It's no longer our own and I have no debts." I left for the office, walking like the free man that I felt.

That evening when I returned home Susila was resplendent. A brand new gold chain of the latest ornamental pattern was scintillating round her soft white neck. I was intoxicated. I stood looking down on her.

"From Messrs. Orr & Sons, dearest," she said looking up. "Your name and Office address is with them. *You* know how best to pay. I needn't worry."

All that I could do at the moment was to kiss her on the lips.



The Reason

Two travellers got into conversation. One was most attentive to the other, pressing cigars, papers, and refreshment upon him. Their destination was the same town, and the seemingly much-interested one insisted that the other should accompany him to his home for the night.

This completed the latter's astonishment. He asked the reason for such unlooked-for hospitality.

He was enlightened by his would-be host's reply : "My wife says I'm the ugliest man in the world, and I just want her to have a look at you."

'Life'

The Prophet

A lad was pushing a decorater's barrow loaded with sand and tools. It was obviously far too heavy a load for the boy, and a kindly passer-by gave him some assistance.

They arrived at the top of a long hill, and the stranger mopped his brow.

"It's an outrage to send a lad like you out with that," he declared. "Why didn't you tell your employer it was too heavy for you ?"

"I did," muttered the boy ; "but 'e said, 'Go on, lazy. You're sure to find some idiot on the way to give you a hand.'"

'The Humorist'

Eggs-ample

An old farmer received a large ostrich egg from his son, who was a sailor. After weighing it carefully in his hand, he went out to the chicken-run and placed it amongst the hens. He then addressed them thus :—

"Dear hens, I do not wish to cast any aspersions upon your industry. I fully appreciate the fact that you do your best. At the same time, I should like you to observe what is being done by the hens in foreign countries."

'Chicago Tribune'

Waste Not—

McAndrew had been buying a few things at the local chemist's shop. As he was collecting his change he knocked over a bottle of iodine and smashed it. Most of the liquid was spilt on his clothes. Noticing this, McAndrew made a dash for the door.

"You needn't be afraid," the chemist shouted after him. "I won't make a charge for it."

But McAndrew never slackened his pace.

"It isna that," he bawled over his shoulder. "I'm just going hame to cut my finger."

'Tit Bits'

Keeping It Dark.

The accused had been duly convicted of theft, when it was proved, on further evidence, that he had actually been in prison at the time the theft was committed.

"Why didn't you say so ?" demanded the judge of the prisoner.

"Well," said the man, apologetically, "I was afraid of prejudicing the jury against me."

Montreal Star.

From the Back Seat.

"What would your wife say if you bought a new car ?"

"'Look out for the traffic-lights ! Be careful now ! Don't hit that lorry ! Why don't you watch where you're going ? Will you never learn ?' And a lot more like that."

Boston Evening Transcript.

Recommended.

Brown : "Did your last employer give you a reference ?"

Johnson : "Yes, but it didn't do me any good."

Brown : "How's that ?"

Johnson : "Why, he said I was one of the best men his firm ever turned out !"

Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph.

Short-Shorts.

Men despise a woman who can cook but won't. And one who can't but will.

* *

Forging ahead. The counterfeiter who made florins and dated them 1935.

* *

I see that a racing tipster had his wallet stolen at a meeting. Prophet and his loss.

* *

"Gramophone records at a public debate," ran a newspaper headline. Hearing both sides.

* *

She took up chess because she was so good at putting men in their places.

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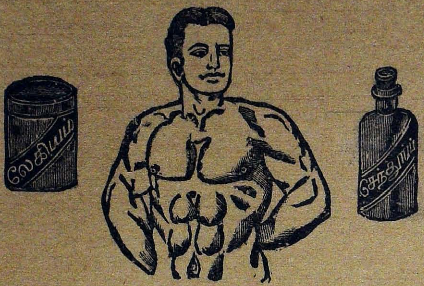
AND
Ayakanta Bhaspam.



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Cases we would like to Report.

SIMPLETON vs. VOTERS.

JUDGEMENT :—

The plaintiff is a citizen of this city and the defendants are father and son respectively. The facts are:—The elections to the local municipal council were held last month and about a month previous thereto, the plaintiff conceived the idea of standing as a candidate for the 85th Division. The plaintiff's allegations are, that at the request of his numerous friends the plaintiff duly announced, through the columns of the daily newspapers, paid for at the rate of three annas per word, his intention to stand as a candidate for election and requesting his friends to give their votes for him.

As anticipated, the election was not to be a tame affair, since two days later another announcement appeared in the same dailies of the city, of the intention of a rival candidate to stand for election to the same ward, of course "at the request of *his* numerous friends". The plaintiff appointed the usual election agents and hangers-on, to work for him and within a very short period had the satisfaction of being informed by them that out of a total of 489 voters of the Division, they had secured the promise of 246 voters to support his candidature. So far so good, and the plaintiff had already had visions of the thundering speeches he would be making in the local city council about various affairs, civic and otherwise. Not content with the assurances given by his agents and supporters the plaintiff thought that it was but fair not to speak of a duty on his part to visit every one of the 246 voters who had so promised to cast their lots for—I should rather say with—him. So, one fine morning he sauntered forth attended by about a dozen of his men. It will be not necessary for me to set down the number of houses he visited that morning or the succeeding mornings while on this canvassing expedition. Suffice it to say that the plaintiff ultimately came to the defendants' residence. It should be stated here that the defendants are voters of the division. While the plaintiff and his party entered the house the 1st defendant was sitting on the pial of the house, enjoying his weekly shave while the second defendant was in the bathroom. If I may say a word here, it was not a proper time for the plaintiff to have approached the defendants for their votes. But the plaintiff had to visit other voters and could not afford to call again. Putting on as pleasant a face as possible under the circumstances, he approached the 1st defendant and requested him to vote for him. The 1st defendant promised him his vote and so also the 2nd defendant who had by now come out of the bath room, and the plaintiff departed.

BY

M. L. S.

The polling day arrived and went and when the votes were counted it was found that plaintiff's rival had secured 401 votes and the plaintiff only 88, no votes being declared invalid, and strangely enough, the entire constituency having voted. On counting the cost the plaintiff found that he had spent a sum of Rs. 2685-4-0 for an election in which he had been beaten, the details of which are:—

	Rs.	a.	p.
1. To remuneratin paid to 7 agents at Rs. 100 each. ...	700	0	0
2. To cost of feeding 35 persons on an average for 30 days at Rs. 10 per day ...	300	0	0
3. Printing, stationary etc. ...	150	0	0
4. Conveyance, election extras, feasting etc. ...	1,535	4	0
Total ...	2,685	4	0

The plaintiff alleges that these expenses had been incurred by him on the faith of the promises made by the 246 voters to cast their votes for him and that but for the breach of promise committed by the other 158 voters, including the defendants, the plaintiff would have been elected.

His defeat at the election has, besides the above expenses, caused him much mental worry, annoyance and loss of reputation incapable of being valued in terms of money, yet which the plaintiff computes for the purpose of the present suit at a sum of Rs. 2000. Thus the total amount of damages suffered by the plaintiff is Rs. 4685-4-0 and this sum is liable to be made good by the 158 voters who wilfully failed to record their votes for him. The plaintiff is not aware of the names of the others who have so failed to perform their promises and hence reserves his right to proceed against them as and when he becomes aware of the same. In the case of the present defendants, they have been openly giving out that though they promised their votes to the plaintiff yet that in fact they did vote for his rival and that is how the plaintiff has been enabled to file this suit. The proportionate share of the liability of the defendants comes to about Rs. 59-5-0 or Rs. 29-10-6 each and the plaintiff therefore prays for a decree for the said sum with costs.

The defendants have filed a joint written statement to the following effect:— These defendants deny the allegations in the plaint that the plaintiff consented to stand as a candidate for election at the request of his friends, that such a statement is only an election lie, that so far as the defendants are aware they neither requested the plaintiff to stand as a candidate for election for did any one else to their knowledge request him to do so, that it was all an imaginary request conceived in the plaintiff's brain, that the plaintiff one fine morning without any ceremony or introduction trespassed into the defendants' residence while the 1st of the defendants was

having his shave and the 2nd his bath, that those were not occasions on which any decent-minded person would have consented to receive visitors, that the defendants politely informed the plaintiff, more with a view to get rid of him than with any serious intention of throwing away their valuable right of franchise in such a light-hearted fashion that they would record their votes for him, that such promises are generally made at every election and each party knows that the other is merely pretending, that if the plaintiff really believed that such election promises are intended to be kept then he deserves the name he bears, that the promise is not supported by consideration, that the plaintiff has only himself to thank for the expenses he had incurred, that such a credulous person as the plaintiff does not deserve to be elected, and the mental worry, annoyance and loss of reputation complained of, are due to the oversanguine temperament of the plaintiff for which the defendants are in no way responsible, that the plaint discloses no cause of action against the defendants, that no particulars are set out for the item 'Election Extras,' that the damages are in any case excessive, and the defendants therefore pray that the suit might be dismissed with their costs.

It being admitted that the defendants did promise to record their votes for the plaintiff the only point for determination is whether the defendants are liable. Fifteen witnesses have gone into the witness box on behalf the defendants and more were forthcoming to give evidence to the same effect, but I thought it best not to waste the time of the court any more. All of them swear that they are voters to the local municipal council, that they have been exercising their franchise ever since their age of discretion, that it is usual with them to promise their votes to each and every candidate who approaches them, but when it comes to exercising their franchise they vote according to their choice and as conscience dictates to them, unless they are tempted by some other considarations, that it is usual with candidates standing for election to set up their individual platforms and make solemn promises to work for this reform or that, as it is usual with electors to promise their votes for each and every candidate who approaches them, that such promises and reciprocal promises are not made with any serious intention of being strictly adhered to, but only as a momentary phase to capture each other's imagination or support.

In the face of this overwhelming evidence on the side of the defendants I have only the solitary testimony of the plaintiff. One thing is clear, the plaintiff has suffered loss and damage by reason of his failure at the election, but I fail to see how the defendants could be made liable for the same. They never in fact requested the plaintiff to stand as a candidate and beyond the usual promise made, to vote for him, a promise which was also made to the rival candidate, the defendants did nothing more. As such I find that the plaintiff has no cause of action against the defendants and the suit will stand dismissed with the defendants' costs.

---:(o):---

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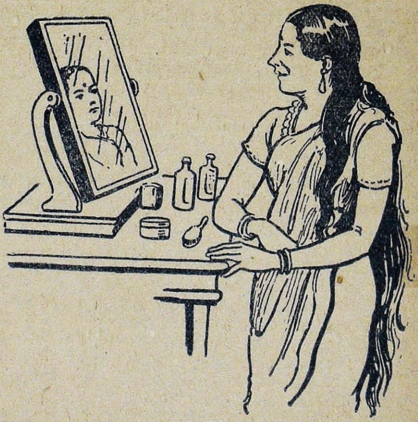

Results of 'Clue Words' Competition

The Correct Solutions of the 'Clue Words' Competition are as follows :—

1. SURE.
2. ALLOW.
3. HAT.
4. FOLK.
5. LAX.
6. MERE.
7. LOCK.
8. SHOT.
9. COW.

The First Prize of Rs. 75 has been won by the following competitors and the prize amount has been divided amongst them.

1. T. C. MOHAN DASS, 27, Gircam St., Calcutta.
2. B. V. PANDIT, B. A., 6, Chowpatty Road, Latur.
3. R. C. PANICKER, C/o M. R. & Co., Hyderabad.
4. P. THIRUVENKATACHARI, Land Lord, Narasapet.
5. K. SIVA SUBRAMANYAM, 20-A, Napier Road, Cuddalore.
6. MRS. JANAKAMMA, 462-D, Subbiah Road, Mysore.
7. M. S. LOGANATHA MUDR., 'Sivdale' Vepery, Madras.
8. N. K. IYER, Gulampuri Amraoti, Berar.
9. T. A. KAREEM, 5, Uthukattamman St., Renigunta.

The Second Prize of Rs. 75 has been won by the following competitors.

1. G. Narasimhachari, Chittoor. 2 to 4. K. S. Iyengar, Nalpet, P. O. 5. Mrs. E. T. Ammal, Bezwada. 6. V. Ramiah, Mysore. 7. Jayaram, Hirabad. 9. P. T. Lourdsamy, Kualalumpur. 9. Mrs. Indira Bai Oke, Nagpur. 10. Chilukur Hariharan, Guntur. 11. A. C. Sivalingappa, Ambur. 12. N. P. Korah, Perumbavoor. 13 & 14. Mrs. K. S. Sugari Ammal, Madura. 15. Gopalamenon, Talapoya. 16. S. K. Sivasubramanian, Perur Post. 17. N. Nagalingam, Muthunaickenpettai. 18 to 28 M. S. Loganatha Mudaliar, Madras. 29. T. S. Narayana Iyer, Melur. 30. M. Venkatasubbu Pillai, Trivellore, P. O. 31. T. R. Gopalakrishnan, Tirukattupalli, 32. N. Govindan, Calicut. 33. C. Janakiraman, Madras. 34. Martand Rao, Atre, Katni. 35. B. H. Thirumala Setty, Bangalore. 36 to 48. Janakamma, Mysore. 49. K. Sivasubramanian, Cuddalore. 50. S. A. Lakshmana Rao, Cuhdalore, N. T. 51. A. V. Natesan, Cuddalore, N. T. 52. N. T. Sreenivasan, Mysore. 53 & 54. D. D. Sebastian, Amraoti, Camp. 55 to 70. N. K. Iyer, Amraoti, 71. K. Kadirvelu Mudaliar, Madras. 72. Mrs. D. Raymond, Quilon. 73. I. V. Ramasastry, Guntur. 74 to 76. M. K. Narasimha Reddy, Chittoor. 77. N. S. Narayanan, Erode. 78. T. E. Ragavachari, Conjeeveram. 79 to 81. S. Abdul Kareem, Melvisharam. 82. V. Sreenivasan, Thirukallupally. 83. M. C. Balasundaram, Perambur. 84. V. Damodaran, Tanjore. 85 & 86. V. Ramachandran, Cuddalore. 87. D. E. Tony, Alandoor. 88. R. C. Chamora, Alandoor. 89. D. G. Fatechand, Bangalore. 90 & 91. P. V. Sambandam, Madras. 92, N. G. Jayaraman, Madras. 93 & 94. C. D. Ranganatha Mudaliar, Bangalore. 95. V. Vaikuntam, Madura. 96 & 97. B. V. Pandit, B. A. Lattur. 98. Mrs. M. P. Laxmy, Kadmane. P. O. 99. N. Paramasiva Iyer, Tanjore. 100 & 101, T. C. Mohandas, Calcutta.

The additional 3 prizes have been won by the following competitors.

1. B. V. PANDIT, B.A., Latur, [257 entries—Rs. 15.]
2. JANAKAMMA, Mysore. [202 entries—Rs. 6.]
3. M. S. LOGANATHA MUDALIAR, Madras. [141 entries—Rs. 4.]

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Closing date: 20-1-'35. ***Results on 5-2-'35.***

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WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Below you are given 8 rows of incomplete words in which dashes are placed wherever letters are missing. You have to find out those missing letters with the aid of the clues given against each row and complete the words. For example in No. 1. QU—LL are given. The clue for No. 1. is *Reed pen* and the answer for that is QUILL. So the letter R is missing between U and L. Putting the letter I in the place of the dash the word QUILL is obtained as the Solution. Similarly the others also can be solved. For other rules and conditions see next page.

Words.	Clues.
1. *QU—LL.*	1. *Reed pen.*
2. *— —ME.*	2. *Fruit.*
3. *—OLE.*	3. *Opening.*
4. *WI— —*	4. *Desire.*
5. *RA— —*	5. *Indian Prince.*
6. *—ALENDAR.*	6. *Almanac.*
7. *MO— —R.*	7. *A machine.*
8. *S—R—P.*	8. *Sweet juice.*

Rules & Conditions.

1. The First Prize of Rs. 150 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in an all correct solution, that is one which agrees with the solution in the Editor's possession, and the second prize of Rs. 100 to the next best in merit. In case of ties, the prizes will be equally divided.

2. The Solutions must be in the Special Funny Magzin Coupon. An entrance fee of one anna must be sent along with each entry sent in the Funny Magzin coupon. Readers may send as many attempts as they like. If the Funny Magzin coupons are not available, entries can be sent on plain pieces of paper with their name and address clearly filled up. Each entry sent on a plain piece of paper should be accompanied by 2½ as. [1½ as. the price of the coupon + 1 anna the entrance fee.]

3. Solutions must be addressed to the Competition Editor, "New Year Competition" FUNNY Magzin Office, No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudaly St., Sowcarpet, Madras, and must reach the Funny Magzin office before the evening of 20th January 1935. Entries with alternatives in the same coupon or entries received after the closing date will be disqualified.

4. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to this Competition is final. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the solutions that may be mislaid or lost. No correspondence can be entered into.

5. The results of the "New Year Competition" will be announced in the issue of Funny Mag. dated 5th February 1935.

(Cut along the line).

FUNNY MAGZIN

ENTRY COUPON

New Year Competition.

CLOSING DATE 20th January 1935.

1. QUILL.	5. ....
2.	6. ....
3.	7. ....
4.	8. ....

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature..

Name *Mr.* / *Miss or Mrs.* ....

Address..

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